

The Sketch

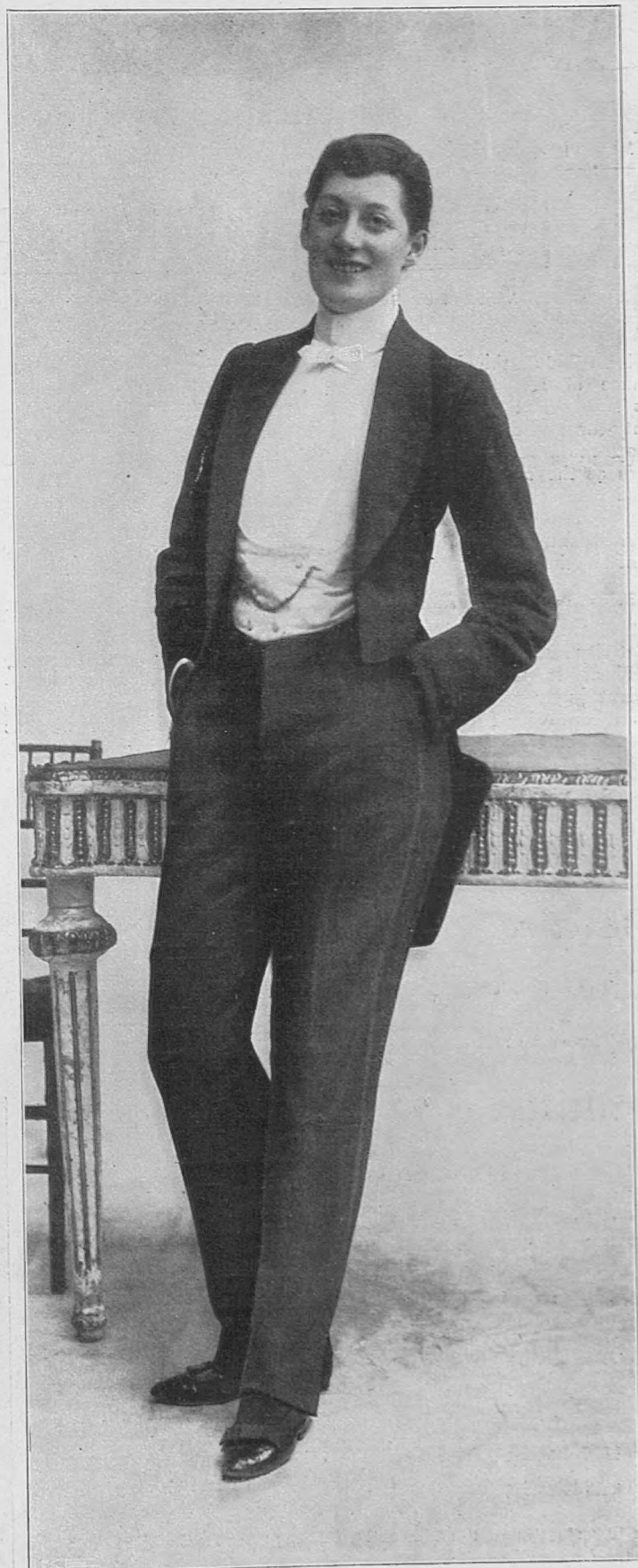


C. HENTSCHEL '98

No. 277.—Vol. XXII.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 1898.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6¹/₂d.

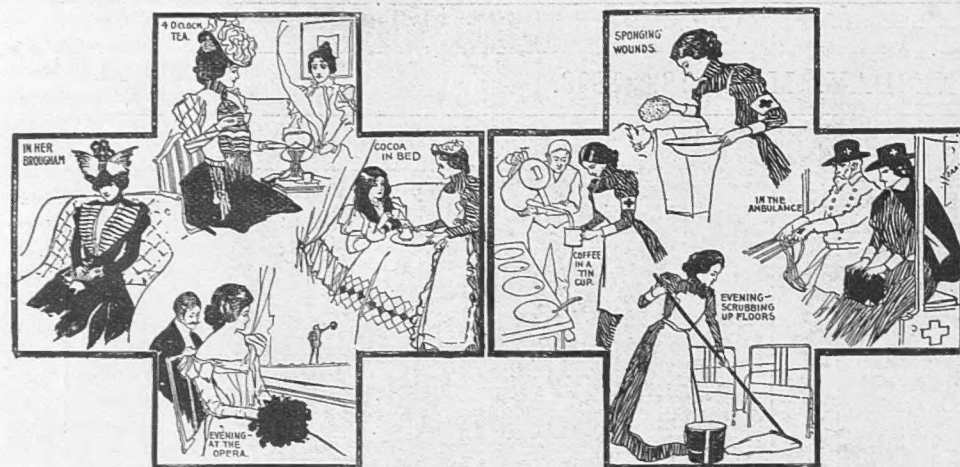


MISS FLORENCE LLOYD (1) AS THE YOUNG WIFE, AND (2) AS THE CAPTAIN, INVENTED TO OBLITERATE HER EXISTENCE, IN "THE J.P.," AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND.

THE CURIOSITIES OF THE CRISIS.

The real living Belles of New York are smitten with the war fever. Thus it is that Miss Adele Griswold Gardiner, heiress of a vast fortune, including unique and famous Gardiner's Island, and "one of the bluest-blooded of the young women of New York's '400,'" is going to Cuba as a Red Cross nurse. Not since Miss Kate Drexel, daughter of the head of the great Philadelphia banking house of Drexel, laid her life and her fortune



A BELLE OF NEW YORK AT HOME AND AT "THE FRONT."
From the New York "Journal."

of £1,400,000 on the altar and entered a convent has there been such an instance of self-immolation among the old families of America. Miss Drexel had passed the heyday of youth. Miss Gardiner is but twenty-three years old. She is beautiful, strangely magnetic, and is perhaps the most popular girl of the "400." Miss Gardiner's father is known as the only "American nobleman," and owns an island off Long Island. Seven miles long, two miles wide, and with a circuit of twenty miles, "it rises a pastoral scene of calm and plenty amid the turbulence of the Atlantic. Gray old oaks that whisper tales of the Druids are outlined against the sky" (!).

Mr. Haddon Chambers has a brother who does not write plays, but devotes a true dramatic gift to journalism in New York. A correspondent in that city sends me a poem written by Mr. Harrie K. Chambers in the *Criterion*. It strikes "a gallant and chivalrous note," as my correspondent justly remarks, amidst the American war-cries; indeed, it is the best expression I have seen of the finer sentiment which this war has evoked in the United States—

TO THE QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN.

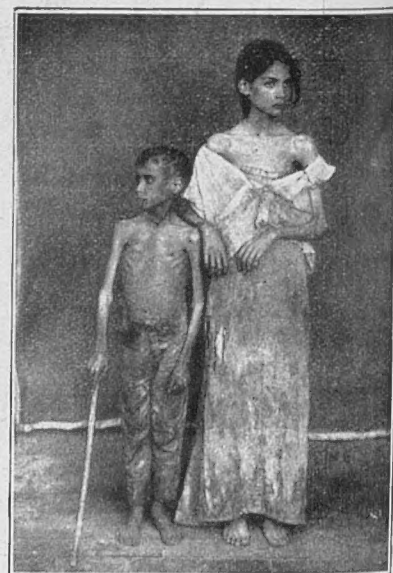
Lady,
In all the reek of hatred,
Menace, boasting,
And our most bitter anger, we grieve to see
At point of our drawn sword
Thyself—
Mother: Queen—
Pale, solicitous Mother; pale, dauntless Queen.
Thee, with "Courage for all noble daring;
An eye and a heart;
The soul of Theresa's Daughter."
(So did the Chelsea sage admire
The "High ill-fated heart" of Marie Antoinette,
Thy cousin and ensample.)
Not beautiful, thou, but mother-proud and mother-wise.
We see thee hemmed about with false knights and with true;
Before a foe—
Ourselves.
Hemmed about with terrors art thou—
And still thou proppest up a throne to cradle him
Whom men call Majesty, but thou
Alphonsito—
Thy curly, thoughtful boy;
Teaching him how to be King,
But most of all how to love thee well.
Him thou hast in thy heart and nothing more;
But in our hearts are many children
And many mothers, Lady, beside thine and thee.
The bolt that rent the *Maine* rent hearts of women!
And then, consider thou the Island
Where thy falsest, fiercest knight has herded
Mothers like thee, children like thine,
'To starve and rot—
Some of them boys, curly, thoughtful; not kings, but each
"Stands covered there with his own skin,
And if you prick him he will bleed."
For these we are girded now,
Nor deem ourselves unworthy of old Spain's best chivalry.
And, Lady,
If thou wert not Spain's Mother Queen,
Thou 'dst know the Yankee for El Cid; Cuba for Christian Maid
Ravished by Moors.
Therefore, thou tragic little mother,
Thy reluctant hand we kiss. But to thy knights, saluting:
En guardia, Señores!

Walt Whitman himself would not have been ashamed of that.

Mr. Chambers (who, by the way, is an Australian) does some effective work for the New York *Journal*, but not, I imagine, in the department of "menace, boasting," which makes that enterprising print unenviable. Only Jefferson Brick could have written a recent article in the *Journal* warning Europe that, when she has finished with Spain, America will make a clean sweep of all the old monarchies. Mr. Brick used to picture the Queen of England trembling in the Tower over his fulminations. Now he sees all the European Sovereigns, who put their crowns on when they read the *Journal*, aghast at the intimation that Uncle Sam means to act the part of policeman in the Old World. Very good, Jefferson. This rampant buffoonery is quite worthy of your traditions. I have long suspected that Uncle Sam keeps you for his amusement in his less serious moments, as monarchs in old times kept Court fools. Only, you are not even a fool; you are merely a "freak" in a side-show.

The photographs of the insurgents in Cuba, taken and sent home by the New York *Journal*, to which I referred last week, have since been submitted by me to a medical authority. He writes to me that, if they are fair representations of the condition of the *reconcentrados*, then one must agree with the correspondents in regarding them as the subjects of most infernal and barbarous inhumanity. At the same time, it must also be remembered that, with the very best of intentions, journalists may be misled, and use their cameras to mislead other people. It is possible, to please their public, that correspondents, especially those new to tropical towns and half-caste peoples, may have scarcely done the Spaniards justice. There is no tropical malarious region in the world in which one could not pick out dozens of poor, pinched, skin-and-skeleton, wizened-and-young, miserable specimens of humanity, and yet with plenty to eat and drink in their possession. Their condition is the result of malaria, and no medical man could be sure that the specimens published here are not the subjects of malaria rather than of starvation. At least, one should be cautious in using such photographs as evidence of Spanish inhumanity. In these photographs, for instance, without doubt one boy figures three times; in one he is the typical big-bellied, large-spleened, malarial cachectic half-caste; in another he has voluntarily, no doubt under instructions, tightened his abdominal muscles and pinched in his belly; in another he is lying down, gaping and showing his teeth in a dying agony. All the photographs I have seen have pictured only small groups of two or three individuals; such individuals are always to be found loafing plentifully about tropical colonies—English, Dutch, or Spanish. When the famine was in India last year, the photographer dealt not with single isolated specimens, but with great crowds of them; but here there are no crowds. The Americans have gone to war from what I, at any rate, regard as the very highest of motives, and there is no need for making any false appeal to harrow good souls in England or in the States; but photographs like these may be absolutely misleading and unfair, as these probably are.

The unfortunate Cubans photographed are, of course, not Spaniards; at any rate, pure Spaniards. I doubt if there is in Cuba any family that has remained there and kept the Spanish blood untainted from native contamination for three generations. That is why no Latin race ever has succeeded in establishing an empire for any length of time among dark and inferior peoples. They have not got in them the firmly fixed race-caste of the Anglo-Saxon. With interbreeding comes degeneration; a race results unfitted for the climate, without muscle, and without brains.



"VICTIMS OF SPAIN'S HORRIBLE WAR OF EXTERMINATION IN CUBA."
According to the New York "Journal."

THE AMERICAN AS A FIGHTER.

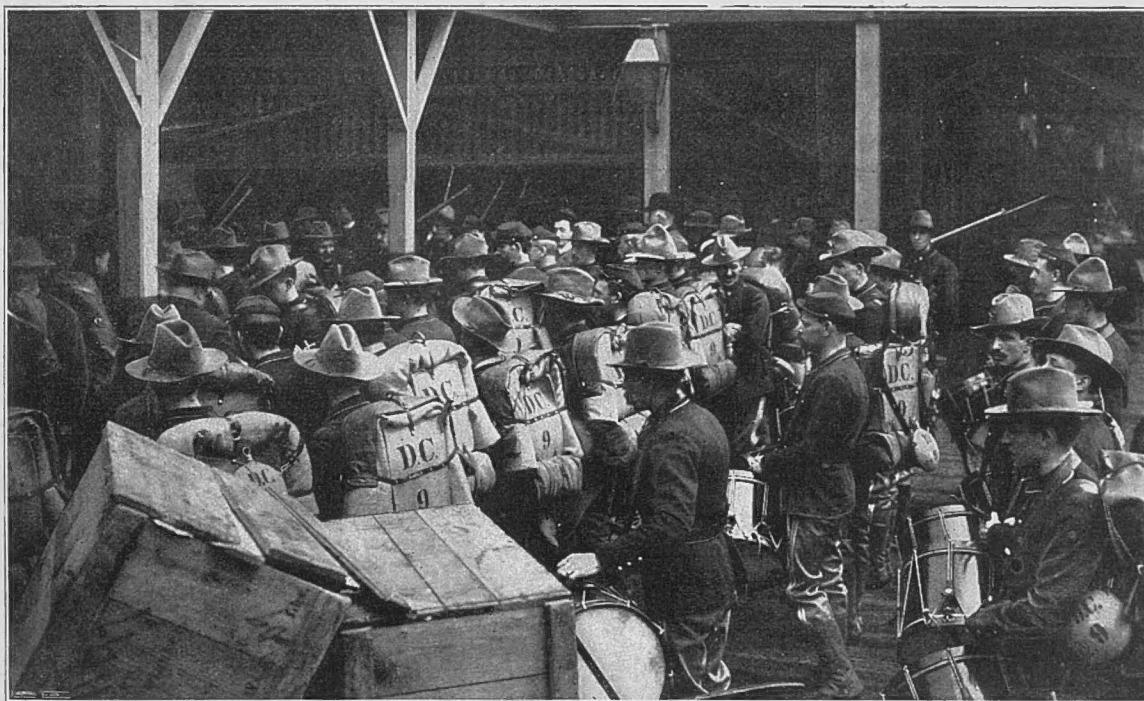
The past week has shown us what stuff the American is made of when he comes to fight. The American "Tommy Atkins" is a fine fellow, deep-chested, bull-throated, and hard as nails. The high rates of pay attract so many would-be recruits that the authorities are able to make a selection of the best men.

At one time men of any nationality were accepted, providing they came up to the physical standard and were willing to take the oath of allegiance. Now a days Americanborn citizens only are supposed to be accepted, yet more than half the regular army is composed of men of foreign extraction. Discipline is very strict, and all offences are punishable by court-martial. As no military prisons are attached to the frontier posts, the offender is kept in the guard-room at night, and is sent on fatigue-duty by day. To prevent the prisoner running away, a thirty-two-pound shot is attached to his left leg by a chain, and sentries with loaded rifles mount guard over him, with instructions to shoot him down if he attempts to run, a feat somewhat difficult of accomplishment considering his encumbrance. Of course, all this applies to the regular army only,

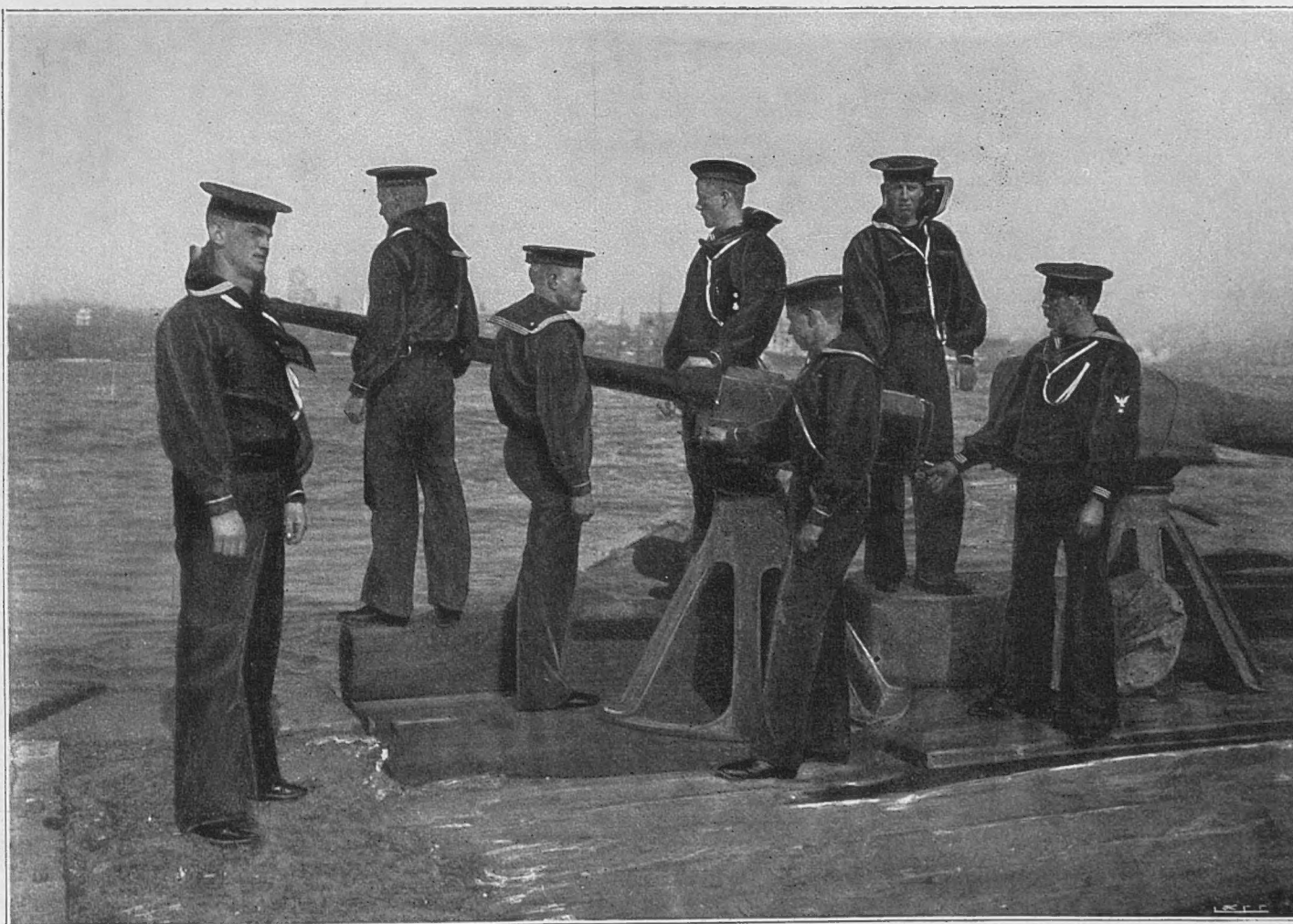
some 25,000 men, of which four regiments—two of cavalry and two of infantry—are composed of negroes commanded by white officers. The United States Militia, comprising about 120,000 men, are in most cases splendidly dressed: they are very different from our Constitutional

force, approximating more closely to our Volunteers, though it is very doubtful if they are as efficient as our best regiments. The material is good, but there is an almost total lack of training and transport, and it must be some time before the regiments will be fit to meet an army of trained men. The personnel of the American navy is very mixed. A great many Scandinavians enter it, and there are numbers of Englishmen.

The Spanish soldier is of a very different stamp. Ill-clad, undersized, and of shuffling gait, he yet never seems to tire, and when well led is a good fighter. In the late Carlist war an entire battalion had to choose between annihilation and surrender, and selected the former. The Spanish soldier's food is of the poorest and scantiest, two meals a-day—of bread only—being allowed by the Government.



THE 9TH REGIMENT LEAVING NEW YORK FOR THE FRONT.



AMERICAN SAILORS AT GUN-DRILL.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY J. BURTON, AND DEVELOPED BY J. BYRON, OF NEW YORK.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

"My Innocent Boy" probably will bring prosperity once more to the Royalty, for on its production it was received with hearty and well-deserved laughter and applause. The truth is that Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Leonard Merrick have had a happy thought in presenting as

hero the young widower supposed by his father, a fiery old sea-dog, and Hypatia, his blue-stockinged bride, to have kept rigidly aloof from the society of woman during thirty-six years of blameless life—perhaps they admitted the idea of some intimacy during the first six. One may conceal easily such trifles as a wedding and a funeral; but a seventeen-year-old child may be a trifle in the way, and can hardly be hidden for ever. So "the innocent boy" induced his best man to promise just ere the wedding to disclose to Hypatia the existence of "sweet seventeen." But it chanced that the best friend had been engaged to Hypatia and cashiered by her on account of his want of resemblance to George Washington—in the matter of truth-telling. So when he



FRONT OF THE JACOBI BENEFIT PROGRAMME.
Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Weirners, Limited.

tried to explain the matter to the fiancée he met with scorn and misunderstanding, and in consequence failed in his delicate mission. Therefore it happened that when Hypatia married the innocent boy she was utterly unaware of the existence of a grown-up girl of whom she became the step-mother.

Of course, if the hero had been wise, he would have hastened to tell the truth; but for a while reticence was successful, so he resolved to let well alone—or rather leave Truth at the bottom of the well. But the well in which Truth resides has one peculiarity: it constantly induces Truth to come out when the result will be to cause other people to get into hot water. Very soon old Commodore Smith and Hypatia and her aunt, Mrs. Jutsam, went to the school where the hero's daughter was receiving finishing touches ere marrying a curate, and Smith came there too. It can be guessed that this meeting caused no little confusion, itself confounded by Smith's lavish use of fibs. He lied himself out of one fix into another, and so on and on until, in the end, concealment was impossible—and, luckily enough, Hypatia forgave everything and welcomed her pretty step-daughter. It is a very merry farce, exceedingly clever, if not always perfectly neat, in construction, and contains some truly funny scenes, notably one with a Molière flavour, in which Smith pretends to interview himself. The acting is capital, notably in the case of Mr. Charles Rock, who played most cleverly as the irascible Commodore whose neck swelled with rage to the injury of his collars. Mr. Sidney Drew, as the hero, acted with much energy and skill. Praise is due to Miss Dora Barton, charming as a schoolgirl, and to Mr. Brabourne.

A very hearty welcome was given to Miss Cissie Loftus on her return to the Alhambra, the scene of many of her successes. Her present programme—shorter, I fancy, than before because the delicate throat has not quite recovered—includes three very clever imitations from "The Belle of New York." Her Miss Phyllis Rankin is excellent, her Miss Edna May charming, and it shows a great advance in her singing; and her Mr. Dan Daly is wonderful and comic.

"The White Heather" seems likely to have another good run at Drury Lane, for the public still appears delighted by its clever humour and capital spectacular effects—effects, on the whole, the most remarkable ever presented at the theatre. Mrs. John Wood is in splendid form, and wins shrieks of laughter as well as rounds of applause. Miss Kate Rorke is charming once more as the heroine, and out of the long cast one must single for praise Mrs. Cecil Raleigh and Mr. J. B. Gordon.

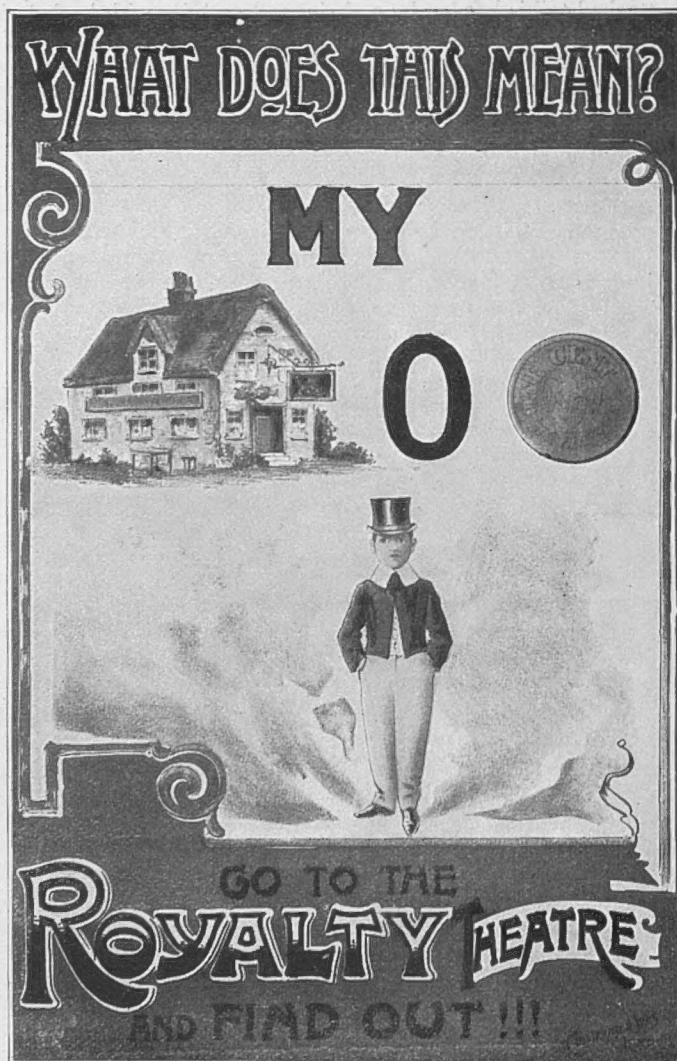
We shall, no doubt, be seeing in London before very long all the musical pieces, including "The Transit of Venus" and "The Dandy Fifth," that have been brought out in the country during the last few weeks. At the end of the series, and quite as successful as any one of its predecessors, was "Bilberry of Tilbury," which was triumphantly produced by Mr. H. Cecil Beryl (formerly of Nottingham, and now of Brighton) on Monday, April 18. The new musical farce, in three acts, is the joint effort of Mr. Silvanus Dauncey (brother to Mr. Henry Arthur Jones), Mr. George D. Day (known both as secretary to the dramatist just named and as husband of Miss Hall Caine), and Mr. Guy Jones, a younger brother, I believe, of Mr. Sidney Jones.

WHAT THE OPERA IS DOING.

The Opera Season has begun, and we are once more enduring the experience of London bursting into song. The present week, however, so far as one is able to record it, contains few elements of exciting interest, if I except the extraordinarily beautiful performance of "Die Walküre" on Wednesday night. We began with "Lohengrin," a work which demands the greatest possible excellence on the part of the chorus. Well, we had heard much about the new Covent Garden chorus. Everything had been done to improve its character; new singers had been imported, and the rosier of expectations were the order of the day. In this respect a profound disappointment is to be chronicled. The "Lohengrin" chorus was exceedingly poor. From beginning to end there was no relief in its sheer stupidity or in its curious indifference to everybody in the audience, who looked eagerly for some vitality, some thoughtfulness, some dramatic sentiment. On the other hand, the soloists rather redeemed the situation. Madame Eames was a delightfully vocal Elsa, and Miss Brema, though somewhat exaggerated in attitude, was a more than efficient Ortrud. Herr Feinhals, a new-comer, was excellent in the part of Telramund, and M. Van Dyck's Lohengrin was as original and as personal (if not so well sung) as ever.

On Tuesday, when "Roméo et Juliette" was given, Miss Suzanne Adams made her first appearance on a London stage in the part of Juliette, and received a right enthusiasm from her audience. She has a very beautiful and liquid voice, and a splendid vocal capacity. She is exceedingly young, and it is for that reason all the more interesting to note that her only deficiency is a lack of power, which time, coming with full hands, will assuredly bring to her. M. Saleza's Roméo was remarkable from many points of view. He sang with a kind of splendid insincerity, and his acting was most graceful.

Wednesday brought us the performance of "Die Walküre" of which I have already spoken. I cannot for the life of me understand why certain critics have abused the management for the production of this opera previous to its natural appearance in the much-advertised cycles of the "Ring des Nibelungen." It is a lovely thing in itself, and there are hundreds of people who, unable to see the whole cycle, joyfully throng to the performance of a selection from that mighty work. The performance in question, however, quite justified the choice of the management. Herr Zumpfe's conducting was most delicate and refined, and Miss Brema's Brünnhilde was a magnificent piece of acting and

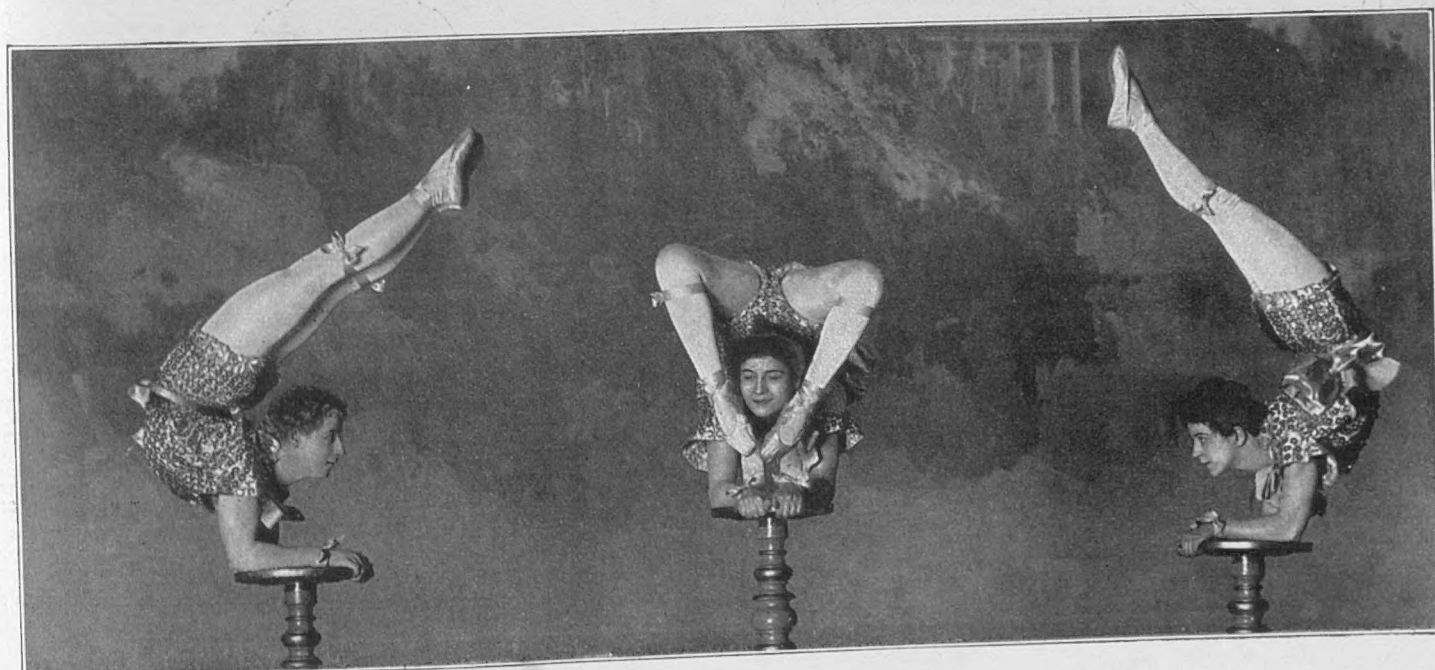


THE PUZZLE POSTER FOR THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

singing. Herr van Rooy's Wotan was nothing short of splendid, and the *mise-en-scène* was as good as anything I have seen at Covent Garden. Thursday's "Faust" was remarkable for Madame Eames's finely conceived Marguerite and for Plançon's beautifully sung but rather overplayed Mephistopheles.

YOU WOULD THINK THEY WERE INDIARUBBER.

THEY ARE REALLY THE MERKEL SISTERS AT THE ALHAMBRA.



THE NEW "IXION."

It is a curious twist of fate that I, who do not "bike," who have no intention of "biking," who, indeed, feel a strong personal prejudice against "biking," should often find myself writing about bicycles, and writing with interest in the subject. I hasten to explain that my prejudice is



MR. W. EDMUNDS.

Photo by Walton Adams, Reading.

not based entirely on lack of experience. I once rode on an ordinary—about a 55-inch machine, I think—for a short time, and decided to wait till some less sky-soaring cycle should be contrived. Last year an energetic friend bullied me into taking lessons, and I actually learnt to ride, not gracefully; perhaps, rather in a Winkle skating fashion; nevertheless, I was able to get over the ground at a fair pace, and even to confine my grasp on the handle-bar to the tips of my fingers. Yet I did not like it. Doubtless, as a mere means of locomotion, if you cannot get a horse, a boat, a carriage, a balloon, or a train, the bicycle is useful: certainly it is preferable to walking. As to riding the thing for pleasure—that seems to

me out of the question. Why write about it? Well, it happens that in the law courts we just have had a very interesting fight on the subject of bicycles, and the result has been an overthrow for one of the greatest of litigants and the triumph of a new form of tyre which is of much mechanical ingenuity and also remarkable simplicity, called "The Ixion."

Old members of the little ring of patent lawyers may look back with sighs to the golden days of Plimpton roller-skate litigation, Extincteur fighting, and Acme skate strife; but, possibly with the exception of the Welsbach struggle for monopoly, there has been nothing like the "bike" for bringing "quas" to the bar. In the early days, as far as my recollection goes, the chief squabbles were on the subject of frames, and the best method of securing rigidity for the machine; it was not until the tyre question cropped up that the real splendour of "bike" litigation became apparent and the gifts of the Patent Bar manifested themselves.

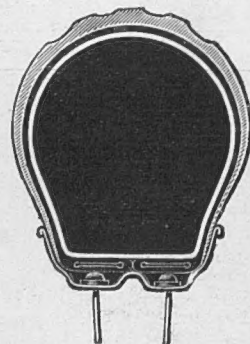
It is a matter of common knowledge that the effort to establish for the Dunlop tyre a "master" patent proved unsuccessful. The Courts refused to swallow the proposition that the mere idea of employing the pneumatic tube, which is to the bicycle like steam to machinery or advertising to commerce, could be anybody's monopoly; and, if the matter had rested with the employment of an undetachable tyre, many and many a thousand guineas would have failed to come into the pockets of the lawyers. So the real question arose over the Welch—or, to give its full name, Mr. Charles Kingston Welch's method of attaching the indiarubber tube and cover to the rim of the wheel. Without disparagement of Mr. Welch's inventive gifts, one may say that, given the problem, no very astounding ingenuity was shown by him in solving it. And yet, think of it: that method of attaching the rubber tube and cover to the rim by means of two inextensible wires was the foundation of the colossal Dunlop Company with its five millions of capital. Is it amazing that the army of inventors is immense in number? Of course, when the question narrowed itself to this, everyone tried to invent a new method of taking off and putting on a tyre—one could wish that the word "tyre" had not been chosen, for probably it has been the source of more obvious and bad jokes than any word in the British language; it appears inadvisable to use the word "English," having regard to certain susceptibilities. The latest, and one of the tiny crop of successful methods, is "The Ixion," which has just won what Father Caspar would have called "a famous victory"—or, to be more accurate, two famous victories—in which there was quite dramatic incident. Until a little while ago, practically speaking, there were but two methods of fastening what are called the double-tube tyres, the Welch, or system of using two inextensible wires, and the Clincher, involving a special rim with peculiar gripping flanges. The other methods before the public were really based on one or the other of these, and those of practical value worked under a licence.

Of course, I am leaving out of the question the single-tube tyres which, as in the case of the Fleuss, have also had their triumphs in the Courts. My reason for so doing is that the single-tube tyre fails to attract the English customer. In the States the single-tube tyres are popular, but all the efforts of the American maker, dealer, and agent to introduce them here have met with comparatively little success. Why?

Can you tell me why the French mix their mustard with vinegar and we ours with water? Why the Chinese pay their doctors during health and we ours during sickness? Why the Germans wear claw-hammer coats at midday functions and we never put them on till after dusk? It would be useless to multiply the questions.

The Ixion, of course, has a name taken from that of the wicked King of the Lapithæ, who, on account of his audacious attempt to win the affections of Juno, was fastened heel and hand to a wheel revolving with perpetual motion through space. At least, I give the classic story from the ancient *Chronique Scandaleuse*—to say nothing of Lemprière—though that interesting, witty mathematician de Morgan, whose book, "A Budget of Paradoxes," is vastly interesting (I dare not recommend his system of "Formal Logic" to the general reader), would have jeered at the idea of perpetual motion. Probably the name has a more subtle suggestion and hints at the swiftness of motion of the Centaurs, the bull-killing, half-man, half-horse offspring of Ixion and a phantom who personated Juno. The tyre is attached by having two thin, flat steel bands in canvas pockets at the edges of the cover, which overlap and are free to expand or contract. The arrangement is strong, effective, comparatively cheap, absurdly easy of attachment and detachment, and entirely effective. Of course, the Dunlop people—the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company, Limited—had a shot at the Ixion Company, and last autumn an action was tried by Mr. Justice Wills, now quite an expert in patent work. The Dunlops had a strong team, headed by Mr. Fletcher Moulton, Q.C., who, now that Sir Richard Webster may not take private work, is easily the leader of this branch. On the other side, instructed by the redoubtable firm of Lewis and Lewis, were Mr. Bousfield, Q.C., M.P., Whitworth Scholar, vegetarian, teetotaller, and devoted slave to tobacco, and Mr. Thomas Terrell, Q.C., unlucky Parliamentary candidate, author of several successful novels and a lucid treatise on Patent Law. An error of tactics was made in the Dunlop camp. They began by suing for an infringement of both Clincher and Welch patents, but dropped the latter during the case, and with it dropped the case. Day after day the fight went on, but in the end the Ixion was held to be clear of the Welch patent.

The Dunlops merely considered themselves repulsed. Fortunately for the Ixion people, they had a very shrewd man as general manager, Mr. Edmunds, who saw promptly that the war was not won, that the victory was of tactics, not strength, and that the old Ixion rim looked as though it might possibly be thought to come within the Clincher patent; so he cleared decks for further action by throwing overboard the rim, which was very unsuited to the Ixion tyre, and producing an effective rim with nothing that even a patent lawyer could call a flange. Another engagement was fought, this time before Mr. Justice Kekewich, most surprising of judges; the Dunlops put forward the Welch and also the Clincher tyre. Mr. Edmunds' wisdom was quickly shown, for the judge held that the old Ixion rim was an infringement of the Clincher, but that the new infringed nothing! This alone did not settle the matter, since once more the question was raised whether the outer cover and its mode of fastening of the Ixion were not within the Welch patent—in other words, whether the two flat metal bands in pockets of the Ixion were not merely "mechanical equivalents" for the inextensible wires of the Welch. For days the dispute lasted. You can see how brilliantly the Patent Bar has risen to the occasion in the fact that such a question could take days to discuss. Appalling scientific questions were raised; the judge wavered. How was the question solved? Exactly as Alexander untied the knot of the waggon of Gordius. It was admitted that the Welch wires acted by the principle of inextensibility, and the Dunlop tyre would come off if the wires were cut; so the Ixion people cut the metal bands of an Ixion tyre in three places, fitted the tyre to one of their new rims, put Mr. Boulton, an expert, on the machine, and he rode miles upon it, as if the bands



THE "IXION" TYRE.

were uncut. Thus the victory was won for the tyre which claims, and experiment shows one claims truly, to be easily detachable and attachable, simple and effective, and also to avoid the risk of pinching. Of course, the Ixion Company claim more than even these qualities. In the pamphlet which they issue from their offices at 144, Holborn, one finds such phrases as "without holes in the rim to let the water in," and there certainly are none; "without wires, screws, hooks, nuts, bolts, or even soft soap," "impossible to damage by projecting spokes' head," "perfectly resilient," "easier to attach and detach than any other tyre in the market."

SMALL TALK.

The Drawing-Room last week was a great success. This is how a débutante who might have been (but wasn't) presented might have told her friend the country mouse about it—

May 10, '98. Piccadilly.

Dear Nell,—
I have had such a day
That now (it is twelve) I feel silly—
But it only comes once in a way.
For to-day I was duly presented
By Lady Penelope T.,
And I should have been *wholly* contented
If you had been with me to see.

I scarcely could sleep for excitement,
And rose in the morning at five—
(The look of my maid an indictment);
I longed for the hour to arrive.
Then I fidgeted over the weather
(The sky seemed to indicate rain),
But the thing that upset me was whether
I really should manage my train.

And yet what the need to be frightened?
The rain didn't venture to fall;
The sky most obligingly brightened;
I managed my train after all.
It's true I have only a glimmer
Of all the magnificent scene;
The jewels and satin a-shimmer
Are lost as I think of *The Queen*.

The Queen when she left wore a bonnet
(And didn't seem tired in the least),
With pretty white feathers upon it
(No doubt she was glad when released).
She drove through the Park with postilions;
I saw her at Buckingham Gate,
And I'm sure that the crowd numbered millions
Who watched as she passed them in State.

To-morrow I see "The Valkyrie."
"The Belle of New York" is *so* bright;
But now I am horribly weary,
And so I must bid you Good-night.

P.S.—I may tell you that "Cupid"
Is going to be married to "Q."
I think it is terribly stupid,
Because he has scarcely a *son*.

Ireland is also having a lively time. At the fancy-dress ball which Lord Cadogan recently gave great ingenuity was shown in the dresses. Master and Miss Plunkett, the children of Mr. Patrick Plunkett, Town Commissioner of Rathmines, made their appearance. The little chap looks very quaint in his moustache.



MASTER AND MISS PLUNKETT AT LORD CADOGAN'S BALL.

Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

The Earl of Airlie is one of the few peers we have got nowadays who are active soldiers. As Lord Ogilvy he went through the Afghan Campaign of 1878, and even after he succeeded to the title he took part in the Soudan and Nile campaigns of 1884-5. At present he is Colonel of the 12th Lancers, having been transferred from the 2nd Dragoon Guards. The Countess is a daughter of the Earl of Arran, her sisters



THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF AIRLIE.

Photo by Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.

being married to Viscount Cranbourne and the Hon. W. F. D. Smith. I never see a sister of the Earl of Airlie now without thinking of that Lady Ogilvie whom the "false Argyll" invited to come out of the bonnie house of Airlie.

The Earl of Leven and Melville, Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, was born in 1835, and succeeded his brother in 1889. He is a lineal descendant of Alexander Lesley, the first Earl of Leven, whose skill in military tactics excited the admiration of the great Gustavus Adolphus. The Earl of Leven was appointed a representative peer in 1890, and is a Lieutenant of the City of London, and head of the banking-house of Melville, Evans, and Co. He takes a keen interest in archery, and is Brigadier-General of the Royal Company of Archers. His lordship has not hitherto held the appointment of Her Majesty's Commissioner, and the report that it is his intention to discontinue the dinners at Holyrood, which have for long been an important function on the evening of each day during the time the Assembly sits, has occasioned much comment. At his lordship's suggestion, the electric light has been installed in the ancient Palace of Holyrood—in that portion of it, at least, which is occasionally occupied by royalty.

One of the curious and contradictory facts of this Season is that very few houses are still to be let, so many people who were frightened off by the expensive aspect of things last year having come up to town for this present ten weeks of grace and gaiety. Few country people in taking furnished houses for the Season realise the curious by-laws that govern some squares and gardens of West-End London, however, one being that in certain smart gardens of South Kensington ilk, while tennis-playing is permitted, taking off one's coat while playing is tabooed. A friend of mine, being of somewhat moist and ardent nature, much resented this rule, which tied him down to not only blazers, but a blazing temperature to boot, and, being ripe for reprisals, he cast about for some manner of meting poetic justice to his tyrants of the Garden Committee. It occurred to him for the first time in five years that the gardens were ill-kept, considering that about ninety tenants paid three guineas each for their ornamental maintenance.

Accordingly the irate tennis-player inquired into the expenditure of this three hundred a-year on gardens which certainly showed little for their supposed cost of keeping. He raised a nice hornet's nest when it was laid bare that about fifty pounds per annum was actually disbursed, and that, as to the rest, these garden-rate accounts were never even audited. I make no doubt that Committee wishes it had allowed this troublesome and too inquisitive young man to play tennis in coatless state until he could play no more. But meanwhile the murder is out, and the income accruing will in future be called on to render an account of itself. And a very good thing too. The London garden-rate is the last straw laid on that mountain and monument of endurance—the British tax-payer. It would be a feeble satisfaction, seeing that it must be paid, to likewise feel that our particular plot of green profited thereby.

The Library of the Vatican has just been enriched by a number of most precious Greek manuscripts that Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne has presented to the Pope. The public are to be allowed the privilege of seeing them by special permission.

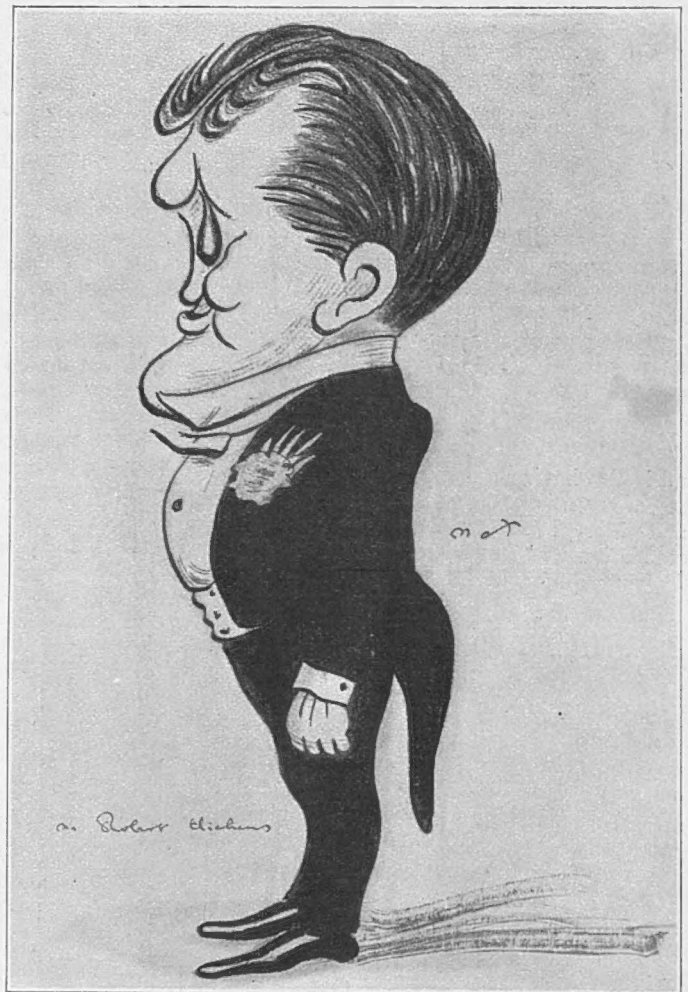
The House of Commons, which is never abreast of the times, has been discussing incidentally the momentous question—Do women smoke? "An Englishwoman" writes to the *Star* that a cigarette is an infallible cure for "nerves," and urges fond husbands to yield this boon to distracted wives. Well, I seem to have wakened up in the 'sixties, when the association of women with tobacco was impossible even to the wildest dreamer. "Women don't smoke," says Mr. Edmund Robertson, member for Dundee. When some Dundee lassie is sending him a pot of marmalade in token of her abiding admiration for his political principles, I hope she will put a packet of her favourite cigarettes into the parcel, just to remind him that even at Dundee the world is not stationary. Some Scotch tobaccoist has a grand opportunity here. Let him bring out a new brand of cigarettes for women, with a portrait of Mr. Robertson on the wrapper, and the national exclamation, "Hoots, mon!"

Mr. Tom Ellis, the chief Liberal Whip, has received many proofs of his popularity in honour of his marriage. When he became the principal Whip of his Party, some of the Tapers and Tadpoles murmured. It was necessary, in their opinion, that the man holding such a post should be a Society "swell." Mr. Ellis proved a successful Whip. Yet he is only the son of a Welsh tenant-farmer. For a time he acted as private secretary to Sir John Brunner, whose alkali works are the largest in the

English obeisance. Some observers found an explanation of this circumstance in the fact that his mother was a French lady, the daughter of the Duc de Coigny. The Duchesse de Coigny herself, by the way, was a daughter of Sir Hew Dalrymple-Hamilton, and a granddaughter of the first Lord Camperdown, who defeated the Dutch fleet one hundred years ago. A sister of the Countess Manners became Countess of Stair. Lord Newark is married to a sister of Mr. Shaw-Stewart, who acted as one of his sponsors when he took his seat. The Shaw-Stewarts are descended from an illegitimate son of Robert III., King of Scotland, who granted him lands in Renfrew which have lineally descended in an uninterrupted course of male succession from the King's son to the present baronet, Sir Michael Robert.

On the occasion of the retirement of Sir Francis Clare Ford, our Ambassador in Rome, a very massive silver inkstand and pair of candlesticks were presented to him, as "a mark of esteem and affection," by those who had served with him during his career. These were designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent Street.

The production of "The Medicine Man" has resulted in a combination that the manager of the *Times* once believed impossible. Curiously



MR. H. D. TRAILL AND MR. HICHENS, THE AUTHORS OF "THE MEDICINE MAN," AS THEY APPEAR TO MR. MAX BEERBOHM.

world. He entered Parliament in 1886, when only twenty-seven, and, pushing Welsh questions to the front, became known as the Welsh Parnell. In his unofficial days Mr. Ellis spoke frequently, and was very persistent. He made his points well, but has never been so effective in Parliamentary debate as on a platform in the Principality when addressing a popular audience in Welsh. On the formation of Mr. Gladstone's last Government in 1892 he was appointed Second Whip, and when Mr. Marjoribanks, one of the most astute managers that a party ever had, succeeded to the peerage, the member for Merionethshire became Chief Whip. His position was very difficult. He had an exceedingly small majority at his command, and he had to serve two masters. Apparently he offended neither. It was to him that Lord Rosebery two years ago sent the famous letter of resignation, and yet he seems to be on amiable terms with Sir William Harcourt. Mr. Ellis has a slim, lithe, alert figure, with eager face and light-brown hair. It is difficult to catch him in the Lobby. He glides along and wheels about with extraordinary rapidity.

Another lord has been added to the aristocratic party which occupies the Unionist benches in the House of Commons. Lord Newark has retaken his seat for the Newark Division of Nottinghamshire, in place of Mr. Finch-Hatton, Lord Winchelsea's brother, who, it is rumoured, found the Government policy too Radical and not sufficiently Imperialist. The new member is the eldest son of Earl Manners. His bow when he advanced to the table to take the oath lacked the stiffness of the

enough, the actual result mainly displays the talent of Mr. Hichens, for it is difficult to see where Mr. Traill's contribution to the play comes in. Mr. Traill and Mr. Hichens are both men of Kent. Mr. Traill was two-and-twenty before Mr. Hichens entered the world in 1864. His first book, "Central Government," was produced at the age of thirty-nine; Mr. Hichens was only thirty when he made the world laugh over "The Green Carnation."

Mr. Hichens was originally trained to be a musician. That is why his criticisms to the *World* are so sympathetic and instructive. Mr. Beerbohm has hit him off very cleverly in this cartoon. Of course you know that *The Sketch* was the first to publish any of Mr. Beerbohm's drawings. He began with Cissie Loftus.

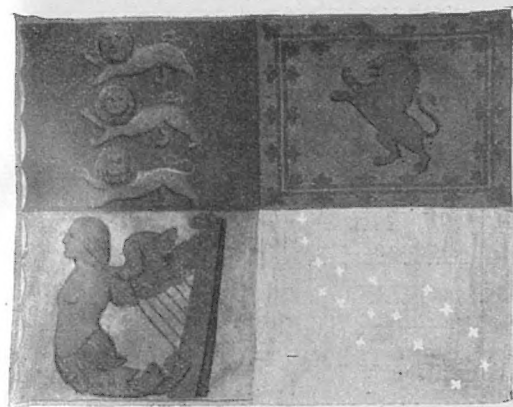
Mr. Justice Lawrance, one of the occupants of the Bench who is an ardent golfer, tells the following golf story against himself. He had recently a case before him in which he felt it necessary to ask a boy-witness the usual question, whether he was acquainted with the nature of an oath. The ingenuous youth, his lordship relates, calmly replied, "Of course I am; ain't I your caddie?"

A committee has just been formed in Paris to raise a monument to the memory of the celebrated artists composing the Vernet family—Joseph Vernet, the marine painter; Carle Vernet, his son, the painter of horses; and Horace Vernet, the illustrious painter of battle-pictures.

The recent destruction of Lord Rendlesham's Suffolk mansion recalls a very singular romance of commerce connected with the founder of this noble house—a romance on which, by the way, "Half a Million of Money," a novel by the late Amelia B. Edwards, is obviously founded. Peter Thelusson, from whom Lord Rendlesham is descended, was a Swiss born in France, and, as a London merchant, trading in Philpot Lane, he acquired an enormous fortune. He died in July 1797, and the terms of his will excited wonder, indignation, and even alarm in the public mind. To his wife and children he left the substantial portion of £100,000, but the remainder of his estate, £600,000 in money and an income of some £4000 from land, he committed to trustees to accumulate during the lives of his three sons and the lives of their sons; and when sons and grandsons had all passed away the entire accumulated property was to be handed over to the testator's eldest great-grandson. It was calculated at the time that the fortunate heir would probably be the possessor of some nineteen millions sterling, and the will was stigmatised as unwise, and even illegal. Its legality was soon to be tested. The Thelusson family took the case to the Court of Chancery. In 1799 the Lord Chancellor pronounced it valid. The family appealed to the Lords, the Lords affirmed the decision of the Lord Chancellor. In 1856 Thelusson's last grandson died. Then came another *cause célèbre*. Who was the heir? Was it Thelusson's eldest great-grandson or the grandson of Thelusson's eldest son? The House of Lords decided in 1859 in favour of the latter, but it was confidently stated that the inheritance, by reason of mismanagement and tremendous legal expenses, amounted not to many millions, but to something but little in excess of the original value of the bequest! By the way, had there been no heir, the National Debt would have been reduced by the total of the property. It was in consequence of the possible evils which such testaments as Mr. Thelusson's might entail that the Legislature, as representing the spirit of English Law that "abhors perpetuities," passed an Act (either in 1800 or 1805—

I have both dates in two different accounts of this strange story) rendering null all bequests for the purpose of accumulation for a period of one-and-twenty years after the death of the testator.

This is a representation of the Royal Standard of the British Empire proposed by Mr. G. W. Niven, secretary of the Greenock Natural History Society. The arms



THE COLONIES RECOGNISED IN THE ROYAL ARMS.
Designed by Mr. G. W. Niven, Greenock.

are amended so as to represent the British colonies in the fourth quartering, which it is proposed should consist of an azure field on which is depicted, firstly, in the upper portion, eight stars of the constellation of the Little Bear, including the Pole Star; secondly, beneath the former, the three well-known stars known as Orion's Belt; and thirdly, five stars forming the Southern Cross. Thus all the northern, tropical, and southern colonies and possessions of Britain would receive comprehensive representation, even should the North and South Poles come to be annexed! The Union Jack might be amended by the addition of a star in each of its blue triangular spaces, or the stars of the Little Bear in the two upper, Orion's Belt in the four middle, and the Southern Cross in the two lower blue spaces.

I have received a bill of "Hamlet" as represented at Lucknow by the Jubilee Victoria Theatrical Company of Simla. The play-bill sets forth a synopsis of the drama, and, I fancy, will rather surprise most Shaksperian students. The Simla version of "Hamlet" begins with the poisoning of Hamlet's father: "2 Scene—The Princess makes a false alarm by saying he was bitten by a snake. 3 Scene—Attendants is seen coming to her help. Hamlet bewailing the loss of his father; the Prime minister is seen trying to console him; the Princess is now seen making mutual love through fear; she makes the Prime minister her confederate, and gets married to her Brother's son, the latter is crowned king." This is original, but it is nothing to Scene 6—"Hamlet's friend is seen in the graveyard with a nigger." The Simla editor has evidently been struck by Shakspeare's knowledge of India. Is there not an allusion to an Indian in "The Merchant of Venice"? What more natural than that the poet should introduce "a nigger" into "Hamlet"? Owing to corruption of the text, "nigger" was transformed to "grave-digger"; but at Lucknow the lovers of the legitimate drama have been able to rejoice in the original coloured gentleman. Later on, "the Nigger appears complaining of his poverty." Evidently a subtle allusion to the white oppressor. I hope the Viceroy is keeping a vigilant eye on the Simla Shakspeare. In the end, Hamlet "gets a performance played in which Whole Family is invited; excitement takes place, the poison is administered to Hamlet, his mother drinks the dregs; the king tries to escape but is shot dead." Happy Lucknow, and still happier Simla! I hope that Jubilee Victoria Company will be brought to London without delay.

I regret to see that Ridler's Hotel is doomed. In fact, Holborn is being reconstructed from end to end. It is true that Ridler's had not the delightfully old-fashioned touch of the Old Bell a few doors further

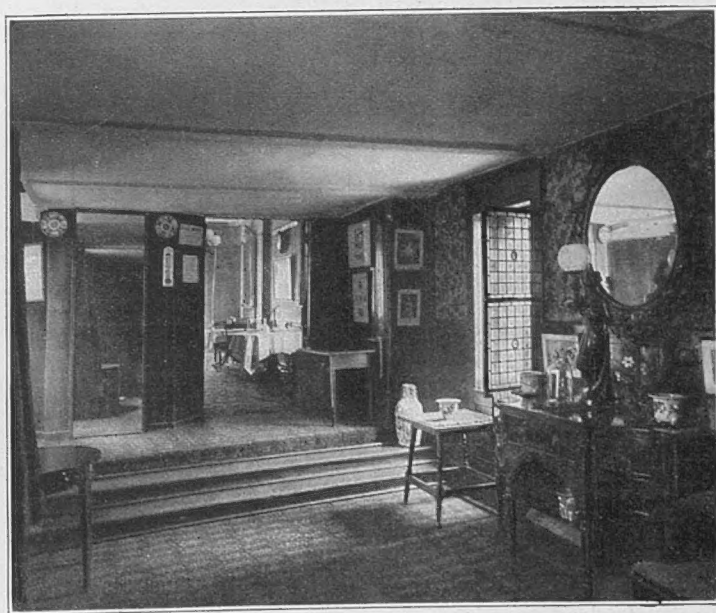


THIS OLD-FASHIONED HOTEL IS DOOMED.
Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

East, but it had all the air of yesteryear, and London changes so rapidly that one cannot but regret this old house being replaced by some vast modern barrack.

In the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*, Dr. Maurice de Fleury has written a very interesting article upon indolence and its cures. He makes haste to say that some phases of the complaint are incurable, that nobody can do much for the man who is at once indolent and well content. There is, however, a class of persons willing and anxious to work and yet quite unable to concentrate their efforts upon the work in hand with any approach to regularity. The members of this class do their work by fits and starts, and a period of activity is followed by a longer period of prostration, from which renewed effort comes with great trouble. Moreover, the erratic working of the mind brings about a dyspeptic condition.

Dr. de Fleury has found it possible to restore the condition of patients with little or no recourse to drugs, but by regulating the occupation of the twenty-four hours, and inculcating habits of work at times when the head is best prepared to stand the strain. In support of his theories, he quotes the habits of writers who have been creators of long works, Balzac, Hugo, Michelet, and Dumas père among the people who have gone before, and Zola among living writers. Three hours is the writing time allotted out of the day by the author of the "Rougon-Macquart" series. The first hour early in the morning is the most



A TYPICAL ROOM IN RIDLER'S HOTEL.
Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

pleasant, the other two from ten o'clock to midday give him no little trouble. Dr. de Fleury quotes Mosso, the Italian physiologist, who said, "The continuity of the thought on a single subject singularly multiplies the value of time."

Among our young rising singers one may mention Miss Mabel Hubbard, a mezzo-soprano with a voice of remarkable quality, of power, and of sweetness. Her repertoire of songs is very great, containing a predominance of classics of the masters. She has also a partiality for French songs of the higher form and chansonettes, and has, none the less, an enthusiasm for light-opera songs.



MISS HUBBARD.

Photo by the Eastbourne Photo Co., Clapham Common.

I heard a clever mimic, Miss Ivy Wood, the other night at a musical function. The best of her imitations is that of Miss Ellaline Terriss in the song "A Little Bit of String." Miss Wood's repertory is varied.

In spite of the assertion about Miss Ada Rehan (by-and-by to be seen as Madame Sans-Gêne) being the only English-speaking actress who has resolutely refused to be interviewed at home, I have been enjoying interesting details concerning her pretty house near the Riverside Drive, New York, her pictures and her books, and the English bulldog which she makes a pet of and takes out for walks. So even an opponent of interviewing cannot preserve anything like real privacy. Miss Rehan's mother, Mrs. Henrietta Crehan, still lives in Brooklyn in the same house that she has occupied since she came to America from Ireland thirty years ago. The actress's brother, Mr. Arthur Rehan, is a member of Mr. Augustin Daly's managerial staff, and her sisters are Miss Hattie Russell and Mrs. Oliver Byron, wife of a well-known man.

The students of Queen's College, Harley Street, gave an amateur performance of Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night" one evening at the Passmore Edwards' Settlement, Tavistock Place. The play was a great success. The parts of the Duke and Malvolio were played by Miss Dorothy Kendal Grimston and Miss Sylvia Arthur Jones, young ladies who bear honoured names.

Who is the youngest woman poet? (I prefer the circumlocution to the terrible word "poet-ess.") Miss Kathleen Rowed, the daughter of the station-master at Paddington, is certainly young enough, for, as a seven-year-old, she has written a little lullaby, of which I quote the first verse—

Sleep, sleep! Good-night, good-night!
The sun is sleeping,
The stars are peeping—
Sleep till the morning light!

She recently appeared as Erin at a fancy-dress ball at Bayswater.

Mr. F. J. Nettlefold, who is to manage the short season at Terry's Theatre wherein Miss Kate Vaughan will appear, is a younger member of the well-known Birmingham family of the name. He has had considerable experience in the provinces, in standard plays as well as in melodrama. Mr. Nettlefold has an agreeable stage presence and a refined style.

A version of "Maxwell Gray's" (Miss Uttiet) novel "The Silence of Dean Maitland" has lately been brought out at Kidderminster, the Dean, afterwards the Bishop, being played by Mr. William Giffard. In America, also, Mr. Richard Mansfield has been producing an adaptation of Miss Jessie Fothergill's clever story, "The First Violin."



THIS LITTLE GIRL IS A POET AT 7.

Photo by Hells and Co.

The monument in commemoration of that French-Canadian celebrity, Champlain—from whom, indeed, Lake Champlain derives its name—which has lately been designed and executed in Paris, has just been sent out to Quebec. It is to be erected on a prominent place overlooking the River St. Lawrence, and the ceremony of unveiling is to take place in September. The costs of the monument are being defrayed by national subscription, mainly French-Canadian, I presume.

The monument set up some years ago in memory of the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria in the park of the Achilleion, the Empress of Austria's lovely palace in the island of Corfu, has recently been taken down. It is to be removed to Mayerling, and placed on an eminence in the grounds not far from the spot where the unhappy Prince died in January 1889. The reason of this is that the Empress is giving up the Achilleion, and it is shortly to be sold.

Evangeline Cisneros, "the Cuban heroine" whose persecution, imprisonment, and rescue did so much to inflame American opinion against Spain, has now been practically adopted by Mrs. John A. Logan, with whom she is living peacefully at Washington. She is said to be happy in her new life.

The Jenny Lind Infirmary for Sick Children at Norwich is an institution which should appeal to an enormous audience, for Jenny Lind's still is a name to conjure with. Thus the concert which is to be held to-morrow afternoon in Bridgewater House, St. James's (Lord Ellesmere's), in aid of the institution should draw a great audience, for surely a concert is the most appropriate way of

honouring the name of Jenny Lind. This hospital for children was founded by Jenny Lind, who included amongst her many deeds of charity a visit to Norwich in 1849 for the purpose of giving two concerts for the benefit of the poor of the town. It has been the greatest boon to suffering children, not only from Norfolk but from other counties, especially as there is no hospital exclusively for children nearer than Sheffield, Nottingham, or London. The building for the in-patients has now become quite unfit for hospital purposes, and the new building, which is to be the Diamond Jubilee memorial for Norfolk, is urgently needed. It will be erected in a much more open and airy position, on a site of about three acres—a gift from Mr. J. J. Colman in memory of his wife.

I spoke last week of the fine art of advertising oneself as practised in the literary world of Paris. Among others, M. Pierre Loti has learned how to blow up the bubble reputation without resorting to the cannon's mouth—fortunately, since the Government has just relieved him from his officer's command. Being a rhetorician, M. Loti depends on rhetoric for his effects. Whether beginning an article or an action, he has always in mind that Cicero counsels a pretence of modesty in the exordium to give more effect to the suite, and so on through the chapter of rules. His last achievement shows the method. Having put into rehearsal at the Comédie Française a play in which the interest turns on an episode in the history of his own family, instead of staying, like the ordinary playwright, to oversee rehearsals, he flies from Paris to some presumed country solitude in presumed depreciation of his family and himself. This is the exordium, and will be followed by the proposition.

While the newspapers are sweeping in vain the dairy-farms of the horizon with their glasses, the protégé of Madame A— enters magnificently on scene in Madrid. Here, with one be-ringed hand on his corseted heart, he tenders his sword with the other, in supposed emulation of Byron—or seems to tender, for he draws it quickly back again. "My sword belongs to France," he says—makes the move of tendering Excalibur to the Queen. "It is Anglo-Saxon against Latin!" he cries. "I am a Latin." There is nothing vulgar in this, any more than there was when he went to kiss the toe of the Sultan during the Armenian massacres. It is simply a passionate climax in rhetoric; and just as his master, Cicero, says it will, it brought down the house. Idol of the day in Spain, fêted as symbol in his person of France entire, he can come back to Paris to find the doors of the Comédie Française besieged. It is well done. We Anglo-Saxons have no such subtlety as this. Poor Byron, for example, knew only how to give his sword once for all to Greece and die.

In Aid of the Building and Endowment Fund
FOR THE
Jenny Lind Infirmary for Sick Children at Norwich.
OF WHICH
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES
IS PATRONESS.

AN AFTERNOON CONCERT

UNDER THE ENTHUSIASTIC PATRONAGE OF
THE COUNTESS OF ALBEMARLE THE COUNTESS OF LEICESTER THE COUNTESS OF ELLENBOROUGH THE LADY VIOLET BRANCHAMP THE LADY JANE JODRELL THE LADY HASTINGS THE LADY WALSINGHAM THE LADY SUFFIELD THE LADY AMHERST OF HACKNEY THE LADY BATTERSEA THE HON. LADY BURENCE THE HON. MRS. AILWYN FELLOWS

Has been kindly arranged by the Maggie Madrigal Society
TO TAKE PLACE ON
Thursday, May 19th, 1898, at 4.30,
at
BRIDGEWATER HOUSE, ST. JAMES'S, LONDON, S.W.
(By kind permission of the Right Hon. the Earl of Ellesmere)

The following Ladies and Gentlemen have kindly promised to assist—
**COUNTESS VICTORIA GLEICHEN,
MRS. HUTCHINSON,
MR. PLUNKET GREENE,**
AND THE MEMBERS OF THE
MAGPIE MADRIGAL SOCIETY.

TICKETS 10s EACH, OR 2s- for THREE.

Admission by tickets only, which can be obtained from
MISS HELEN C. COLMAN, Currow House, Norwich, and
MR. JAMES STUART, 14, Grosvenor Road, Westminster Embankment, S.W.

W. A. BELL, PRINTER, LONDON. (PLEASE TURN OVER.)

High up on the luxuriantly wooded hillside called Montenotte, a suburb of Cork, stands St. Raphael's Asylum, an imposing-looking building surrounded by its own spacious grounds. Terraced walks and windows command a magnificent panorama. The entire city of the Shandon Bells, visible at a glance, lies below, a little to the right; the winding Lee, an important feature in the landscape, discloses itself at



ST. RAPHAEL'S INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND, MONTENOTTE, CORK.

great length, a broad and imposing stream up and down which plies every variety of craft. Look in what direction you will, beautiful scenery meets the eye. The irony of fate, however, treated by the light-hearted Southerner as one of the quaint comicalities which relieve existence from dulness, has appointed this lovely spot a habitation for the blind! The dwelling-house, once a family mansion of pride and circumstance, has been taken over by the Irish Sisters of Charity, and within its walls a number of blind girls, some orphans, some the children of parents too poor to support them, have found an ideal home. In a neighbouring and newly erected building the nuns have provided an asylum for similarly afflicted adults, both male and female.

To understand the necessity for this institution it must be remembered that in Ireland no State aid is given to the indigent blind. If the generosity of their friends cannot support them, the workhouse is their only refuge. There, what a life! In one workhouse the blind inmates used to be confined in an absolutely dark, subterranean retreat, the authorities considering it no hardship to deprive the blind of light. As far as the girl inmates of St. Raphael's are concerned, every effort is made to render them as self-helpful and independent as possible. Of the industries attempted in the institution, knitting, on the whole, has proved the most remunerative. For this the Sisters are always glad to receive orders, one of their specialities being gentlemen's socks knitted throughout with a silken and woollen thread. These socks are gifted with the inestimable virtue of refusing to wear out. Elongated, they are patronised to a considerable extent by the knickerbockered cyclist. Music is, of course, a most cherished form of recreation, and visitors to the asylum, who are always welcome, are often treated to an impromptu concert by the string-band and vocalists. Much indeed do these poor people owe to the good Sisters who have compassed their lives round with comfort and kindness.

The following advertisement appears in the *Athenaeum*—

In consequence of Miss Marie Corelli's threatened libel action, Mr. W. P. Ryan has assumed all responsibility for his "Literary London." He is publishing copies on his own account, and they are obtainable in the ordinary way through the bookselling channels, or direct from himself at 39, Glengarry Road, East Dulwich, London, S.E. The selling price is 2s. 8d.

Fortunate Mr. Ryan, who can bring his book into request so skilfully by virtue of a lawyer's letter!

Sir W. B. Richmond has been making one of his just though ineffectual protests against the smoke nuisance of London. He was distressed lately by the sight of vast clouds of smoke rising from some chimneys which, at a distance, he could not accurately particularise. Now about the same time I witnessed a demonstration of this kind by the chimneys of Queen Anne's Mansions. This portent puzzled me for a while till I remembered that the *London Review* had just appeared, and I supposed that Queen Anne's Mansions were celebrating Mr. Oswald Crawford's new venture with soot instead of illuminations. I congratulate Mr. Crawford most cordially on his paper, and wish him a brilliant success; but I shall be grateful if he will persuade

Queen Anne's Mansions to choose some other form of rejoicing than that of announcing to the chimney-sweeps that the *London Review* has descended upon the town.

The London cabmen are in arms against the proposal to introduce sixpenny cab-fares. Their main argument is that the public do not want to pay sixpence for the first mile, but would rather pay a shilling for any distance under two miles. So, if, having just bought a new hat, and left my umbrella at home, I am caught in a shower within a quarter of a mile of my door, I would pay a shilling for a cab rather than a paltry sixpence. I am interested in cabby's view of the public mind. Where does he learn this optimism? He says times are hard. How can that be if every man who takes a cab for the shortest distance is determined not to pay less than a shilling? I suppose that philanthropists of this type have been hiring cabs recklessly of late to drive across the road just for the sake of showing that the shilling is the coin below which their self-respect cannot fall! Sixpenny fares indeed! What citizen with any spirit will countenance such degradation? He would sooner take an omnibus!

The real fact is that, although it seems doubtful whether the proposal of the Sixpenny Cab-Fare Company will ever come off, it is very necessary that we should have a change even with regard to the existing cab arrangements, and it is a change which the Cabdrivers' Association ought to look after themselves. There should be a rigid combination among the men to agree to treat their fares with more civility, and to behave like well-trained waiters at first-class hotels are in the habit of behaving when their "tips" are below what they might have legitimately expected. A cabman, of course, has a right to protest if he is paid less than his legal fare, but the amount of protest which goes on, the amount of rudeness and surliness to which "fares" are subjected when they have only paid the legal fare—or, perhaps, a trifle beyond it—has done a great deal to damage the position of cabmen in London. I am quite satisfied that if the cabmen could agree among themselves to accept the regulation rates with a greater measure of geniality, cabs would be employed to a vastly greater extent than at present. The rude and surly cabman is the enemy of his class.

"Interesting to Bankers—the largest check ever yet drawn." That was the inscription under a delightful little sketch of a snob, in a suit of a wonderfully large pattern, which appeared in the pages of *Punch* a very great many years ago. It was recalled to my memory by the fact that what is generally stated to have been the "largest cheque ever yet drawn" was passed from one to another of the "high contracting parties" the other day in the very sanctum sanctorum of that Temple of Mammon, the Bank of England. The interesting document was for something over eleven millions sterling, and, as representing the final instalment of the Chino-Japanese war indemnity, it was handed by Sir Halliday Macartney to Mr. Yamagas; but whether it was accompanied by that once-familiar phrase with which Henry Irving delighted us at the Vaudeville in the far-off days, "A little cheque," I have been unable to learn.



A NUN AT ST. RAPHAEL'S INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND.

A handsome fountain, designed by Mr. Collett, has just been erected in the courtyard of the Savoy Hotel. The decoration and the colours were schemed by Mr. Harold Rathbone, and the Della Robbia Pottery carried out the work.

War's alarms have not only availed to justify an elaborate naval spectacle at Earl's Court, they have served, and not for the first time, to



A NEW FOUNTAIN FOR THE SAVOY HOTEL.

Photo by Balford Lemere and Co, Strand.

inspire Messrs. Brock, who supply the famous Crystal Palace fireworks. The great pyrotechnists intend to present a sea-fight on a large scale when the season starts to-morrow evening; their set-piece is to be over two hundred yards long and to boast a million coloured lights. This should be very fine as well as large, and, if it is done as realistically as usual, I hope to see the Commodore or Admiral on deck making disparaging remarks about the opposing crew to a group of pressmen, saying how long it will take him to send the rival ships to—heaven, and what he thinks of his opponents generally. We can't hope to hear the words, but may see the gestures, and they are sure to be quite effective and theatrical. Some years ago the Palace gave us a very vivid picture of the bombardment of Alexandria, and, though we saw neither commanders nor pressmen, we did not miss them, for America had not gone to war. In all seriousness, these pictures of naval fighting will do much to open the eyes of the stay-at-home people who would hardly know a cruiser from a torpedo-boat.

At the Crystal Palace early in June we are also to see the first production in England of the "Gold Ballet," invented by M. Antoine van Hamme. Rumour persists in saying that the production will recall "Excelsior," "Die Puppengelen," and other triumphs of the past two decades. Of this excellence it is too soon to speak, although the reputation of the inventor may lead us to expect great things. M. van Hamme is the ballet-master of the Châtelet Theatre in Paris and another great house in Brussels, and Mr. Gilman tells me that the production at Sydenham will be complete in all particulars. I am sorry it will not be presented in the open air, on the plateau by the Rosery, where the fine old trees made such a picturesque setting to the delightful ballets given nearly ten years ago. Of all the experiments tried at Sydenham surely the *al fresco* play was the most delightful. It is pleasant to find that ballet is by no means dead. The new management at the Alhambra will not dispense with it, as was suggested. On the contrary, we are likely to see some excellent ballets that will maintain the high traditions of the house. This is as it should be.

When the unfortunate gentlemen who thought they could exploit the rich Moroccan district of the Sus with the mere consent of the momentary Shereef of Wazan finally return to England, home, and civilisation, I am inclined to think they will leave Morocco severely alone

for the rest of their natural lives. At time of writing they are, with one exception, still in Tangiers, whither they have been sent for trial from Mogador. Mr. Charles Beyerle, a German member of the party, has been released and is in London. His stories of the treatment accorded to the prisoners when they were first seized by Kaid Said will not tempt the most adventurous Big Englander to enter the Sus district while Muley Hassan and his present advisers are alive. With some knowledge of the way affairs are arranged in Morocco, I am very surprised that the crew of the *Tourmaline* were allowed any justice at all.

I suppose that most people on the right side of middle-age will live to see Morocco pass out of the corrupt hands that squeeze its best life out to-day. The Sultan will not permit trade and exploration to go on, rich districts teeming with mineral wealth are most jealously guarded, all trading rights are withheld; and yet, powerful though the young Sultan may appear from afar, he is in reality very weak and cannot possibly afford to fight the spirit of the times. It is only by the most heart-rending brutality that he keeps his turbulent tribes in order—his treatment is not far removed from that meted out to all but the Baggara Arabs by the Khalifa Abdullahi. He has a huge plundering army robbing the country people by day and by night, and, if half the sins committed under Moorish skies were known, General Weyler and Abdul the Unblessed would be reckoned by comparison with Muley Hassan's Ministers comparatively kind people. An idea of the way in which the products of Morocco are guarded is given by the rules relating to horse-dealing. For £15 you may buy as fine a horse as the heart of horseman ever desired, but you may not take it out of the country with you for any money. When you go you must leave it behind.

The Empire of Abyssinia, having reasserted its old position as a Sovereign Power, a Diplomatic Corps will take up its residence at Addis Ababa, near the Court of Menelik. France has as her representative M. Lagarde, Minister-Plenipotentiary; Russia, M. Vlassof, who bears the title of Consul-General. Italy is represented by Captain Ciccodicola, who has the rank of a Consul but the title of Resident. As for England, Lord Salisbury has shown his appreciation of the importance of the position by leaving our interests in the hands of a Vice-Consul, Mr. Harrington, who lives at Zeila.

The enterprising Mr. William Doxey, of San Francisco, has now equipped a "Kipling Window," composed of all the different editions of Kipling, together with the original drawings from the "First Jungle Book," which forms the background. The pictures which you see at the base of the window illustrating Kipling's books were drawn by an artist in San Francisco specially for the occasion, and run as follows, beginning at the left-hand side: (1) "Tales of Kipling," (2) "One of Kipling's Fondest Admirers," (3) "Life's Handicap," (4) "Soldiers



A WINDOW FULL OF KIPLING'S BOOKS AT SAN FRANCISCO.

Three," (5) "Captain Courageous," (6) "Plain Tales," (7) "In Black and White," (8) "The Phantom Rickshaw," (9) "Kipling as We See Him." There are also two large caricatures, in the shape of a tiger with Kipling's head, labelled "King of the Jungle" and "Kipling Conceiving the Jungle Stories."

How the Navy has advanced! It is almost safe, indeed, to affirm that there is more difference between a modern warship and Nelson's *Victory* than between the *Victory* and a trireme. The *Victory*, for instance, which was launched at Chatham in May 1765, is only 2164 tons. The *Terrible*, which is seen beside it, is 14,200 tons! Half-way between these types is the *Active*. It is an iron-built, wood-cased corvette of the



H.M.S. "ACTIVE."
Photo by Cribb, Southsea.

earlier type of modern cruiser, built at Blackwall, now rated second-class. First commissioned in 1873, it carried the pennant of Commodore W. N. W. Hewett, V.C., on the Cape and West Coast of Africa station. Paid off at the end of 1879 at Portsmouth, the *Active* ceased to act up to her name, and remained out of commission until September 1885, when she became what she was until five days ago, Commodore's ship to the training squadron. H.M.S. *Raleigh* has now taken her place while the *Active* is under refit. The photograph caught her in an act which has not been paralleled these eighteen years. She is working out of Portsmouth Harbour under sail alone, without using steam. In these latter days of steam such a piece of seamanship in connection with a warship is almost unique.

A great deal has been heard lately about quartering a kilted battalion at a Highland station, in order to popularise the Army throughout Scotland. Fort George, where the Camerons' 2nd Battalion was recently formed, is not central enough, so that soldiers quartered there are but little seen. The suggestion that Inverness itself should be made a military station has much to recommend it. Perhaps the recent incidents at Dargai and Atbara may have stimulated recruiting in the North; but a year or two ago, when a party of the Seaforth's in full uniform was sent on a tour through the Western Highlands to beat up recruits, the success of the experiment was more than doubtful. By the way, a detachment of the Camerons marched from Aberdeen to Fort George recently, a distance of ninety-eight and a-half miles. They did fourteen miles a-day.

General Chapman, C.B., commanding the Forces in Scotland, on the occasion of his visit to the dépôt of the Cameron Highlanders at Inverness the other day, urged upon the Sergeant-Instructors the desirability of acquiring a knowledge of Gaelic, and offered to purchase a Gaelic Dictionary to assist those who were unacquainted with the language. The object the General had in view was to make known the advantages of the Army to the Highlanders in their own tongue.

Lieut.-General Sir A. Power Palmer, K.C.B., who has been selected to succeed General Lockhart in command of the Punjab Army, is at

present in England on leave. Though but fifty-seven years of age, he has been fighting almost incessantly since 1857. Joining the Indian Army early in that year, he went through the Mutiny, and took part in the North-West Frontier War of 1863-4. Then, four years later, he went to Abyssinia, and he fought in the Duffla expedition of 1874-5. In 1876 he distinguished himself in the Dutch War in Acheen, and he followed this up by fighting in the Afghan War of 1878-80. In the Soudan expedition of 1885 he commanded the 9th Bengal Cavalry, and in Burma in the campaign of 1892-3 he gained his K.C.B. His latest service was in the Frontier War as second in command to Sir William Lockhart. Lieut.-General Palmer was at one time in the famous Hodson's Horse, and his decorations and "mentions" are too numerous for description. By the way, do you know that Hodson belonged to Mr. Leslie Stephen's family?

Lieut.-General Palmer had recently the pleasant duty of presenting no less than thirty-five "Orders of Merit" to men of the 36th Sikhs for gallantry in the field. This was the regiment which defended the posts on the Samana Range against overwhelming odds, and at Saragheri a detachment, in General Palmer's own words, "caught like rats in a trap," fought like men till all were killed. Men of the same brave corps held the fort of Gulistan against thousands of the enemy, and not only held the fort, but sallied out and captured three of the enemy's standards. It was peculiarly appropriate that the General should make the presentation, for he knows the Sikhs better than any other officer, and when a very young man raised a regiment of these warriors for service in Oude.

It seems to be no secret that strong reinforcements of British troops are to be sent to the front for the advance on Khartoum, early in July. Indeed, another British brigade, made up of regiments now in Egypt, is spoken of. The 21st Lancers also are ready to leave Cairo at a few hours' notice, and the regiment will be sadly disappointed if it does not take part in the fighting. The 21st is an unlucky regiment. Actually ordered to the front a few months ago—the 3rd Hussars being designated as the regiment to take their place in Cairo—at the last moment other arrangements were made. The Lancers long to wipe out their unenviable distinction of being the only regiment in the service with no "honour" on their standards.

The last unpublished Aldershot story relates how, on a recent moonlight evening, a gallant non-com. took his most fervent attachment for a stroll through camp, when, passing a sentry, who was also a rejected suitor, the challenge was fiercely given, "Halt! Who goes there?" Urbane because victorious, the reply came condescendingly, "An Engineer and lady friend." For a moment the silence was too deep for words, then the sentry had a happy thought. "Pass sapper and servant-girl," he said genially. And they passed.

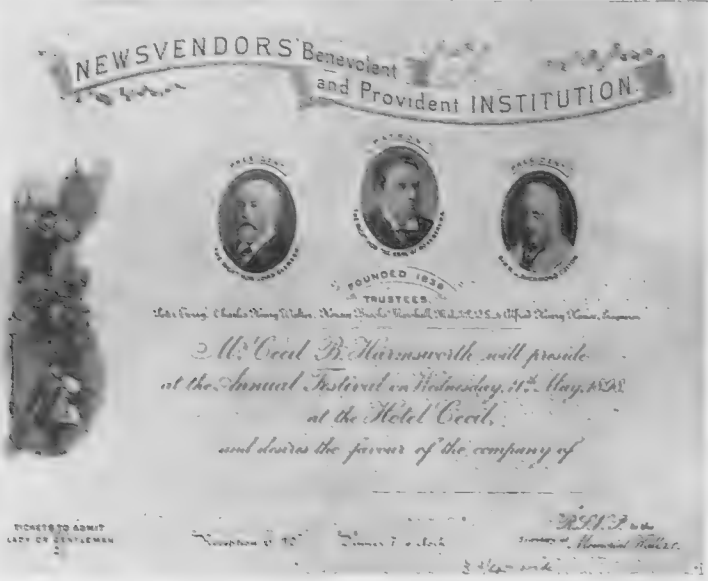


THE OLD "VICTORY" LOOKS UP TO THE MODERN "TERRIBLE."
Photo by Cribb, Southsea.

The Booksellers' Dinner is a function which I would never willingly miss, because I am more interested in booksellers than in any other class of the community. This dinner, held on May 7, with Mr. James Bryce in the chair, was not less successful than previous functions. Mr. Bryce, indeed, distinguished writer as he is, and the author of books which

Mr. Sydney S. Pawling, as vice-chairman, proposed the health of the chairman of the evening, and was able to score a point with the statement that he was an undergraduate at Oxford at the time when Mr. Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire" created so much excitement as a prize-essay. The whole success of the dinner was due very largely to the energetic efforts of Mr. Shaylor, one of the directors of Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

Another dinner of the week was that given at the Hotel Cecil for the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution, Mr. Cecil Harmsworth in the chair. He was supported by the Lord Mayor of Belfast, Sir Walter Besant, the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, Lord Compton Rickett, M.P., Sir James Vaughan, Mr. W. L. Courtney; Mr. Charles Awdry, of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son; Mr. C. D. Yates, the son of Edmund Yates; Mr. John M. Cook, of the famous excursionist firm; Mr. Max Pemberton; Mr. Hance, the business-manager of the *Daily Chronicle*; and more than a hundred other representatives of literature and journalism. Mr. Alfred Harmsworth and Mr. Harold Harmsworth, the two heads of the Harmsworth firm, supported their younger brother in the chair by their presence, though not by speech. The chairman gave what he described as practically his maiden speech, but it was in reality a singularly brilliant performance. Mr. W. L. Courtney, Mr. Max Pemberton, and Sir Walter Besant also spoke, while Mr. Evelyn Ashley drew from the stores of his memory some account of the time when Charles Dickens was president of that institution. The sums collected included fifty guineas from the chairman, one hundred guineas from Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, and another hundred guineas from his journal, the *Daily Mail*. The gathering was described by Mr. Hance as the largest and most representative that had been gathered together for many years.



INVITATION CARD TO THE NEWSVENDORS' INSTITUTION DINNER.

will live, perhaps hardly caught the spirit of any controversy that there may be between booksellers, publishers, and authors at the present moment. He had not, in effect, "got up" his subject, but he made an interesting speech nevertheless. Mr. John Murray did the same in proposing the health of the visitors, to many of whom he made very kindly allusions; but he missed the fact that so distinguished a black-and-white artist as Mr. Joseph Pennell and so distinguished a novelist as Mr. Joseph Conrad were present. Mr. Zangwill made a very witty speech, which probably caught the taste of the audience more successfully than any other, while some very good things were said by Mr. J. E. C. Bodley, the author of a recent important work on France. Mr. Andrew Lang spoke with a cynical contempt for the multiplication of books—but it was a very dainty speech all the same. Time was when publishers and booksellers were all put in the same category, but now there seems to be a strong line of demarcation, and so I make a separate list of representative publishers and representative booksellers—

BOOKSELLERS.	PUBLISHERS.
H. Sotheran.	C. J. Longman.
R. Bowes.	F. Macmillan.
R. Maclehoose.	John Murray.
H. W. Keay.	Reginald Smith, Q.C. (Smith and Elder).
P. Hanson.	Norman Worne.
W. J. Squires.	George E. Lock (Ward and Lock).
P. Calder Turner.	T. Fisher Ullwin.
A. and F. Denny.	W. Heinemann.
H. Glaisher.	H. A. Doubleday (Constable's).
J. Avery (Bickers and Son).	E. Marston.
G. Thin.	Edward Bell.
G. Iredale.	Elliot Stock.

The following is a list of the authors who were present—

Dr. H. G. Wells.	J. Conrad.
Lord Ronald Gower.	I. Zangwill.
Andrew Lang.	J. Scott Keltie.
G. W. E. Russell.	Captain Welby.
E. Poynter.	Major A. Sharp Hume.



INVITATION CARD TO A MINIATURE EXHIBITION.

The revived interest in eighteenth-century painters, which has been recently evidenced by the very high prices paid in the auction-rooms, even for their engravings, makes the exhibition which the Fine Art Society opened on Monday in New Bond Street of exceptional interest. It includes not only a large number of the miniatures, but nearly fifty of the full-length drawings of Cosway, some forty of Downman's fascinating profiles of eighteenth-century beauties, and some of the finest extant specimens of Plimer, Smart, Engleheart, and the pick of the miniaturists of that time. The collection, which includes some three hundred members, has been many years in formation, and has been made by an expert having exceptional opportunities of acquiring undoubted specimens. The introduction to the catalogue was written by Dr. Lumsden Propert.



FRONT OF THE BOOKSELLERS' DINNER MENU-CARD.

They had a very successful fancy-dress ball lately in Johannesburg, given by Mr. and Mrs. Albe Bailey, who are very popular throughout South Africa and well known at home. Of the host and hostess and a few guests at this brilliant and successful Society function I am enabled to reproduce some interesting photographs. Johannesburg, which is critical of such things, voted the ball one of the best it has yet seen in the way of entertaining, decoration, dress, and general direction. It is said to have cost Mr. and Mrs. Bailey quite £5000.

Some literary folks in the North are exercising themselves anew as to the identity of Fiona Macleod and David Lyall. One Scottish journal oracularly asserted the other day that the second-named writer was none other than "Annie Swan," while an influential London weekly informed its readers at the same time that David Lyall and a distinguished metropolitan editor were one and the same person. My contemporaries require to be reminded that the Scottish writer in question has made frequent allusion in his stories to his boyhood. If this fact only classes him so far, the following reminiscence in his latest work gives David Lyall a personality, it will at once be seen, apart from either of the individuals with whom it is usual to associate his name: "Aytoun, 'Christopher North,' the genial 'Delta,' I have seen them all," he writes, "and I am a better man to-day for having seen them, though I never had speech with any one of them. In all my experience of men and things I have never met any who awakened in me that intense feeling of reverence, almost amounting to awe, with which I used to regard these men." When it is remembered that "Christopher North" died early in the 'fifties, the memory of David Lyall covers, it is apparent, a longer period than that of either the story-writer or the London editor.

A lady decorator is the latest in the eternal feminine. She has designed a "model flat." Now what do you think of that?

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A REMINISCENCE OF THE OPERA.



VENUS TEMPTS TANNHAUSER.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

There is much uncheerful talk of insanity in Mr. Benjamin Swift's new story, "The Destroyer" (Unwin); but it is a saner and in every way a better book than its predecessor, "The Tormentor." In Hubert's madness there is more coherence than in all the schemes and plottings and the intellectual gymnastics of the hero of the other book. Mr. Swift still does his best to startle his readers; but they will forgive shoutings and ravings and unconventional rhapsodies when these are caused by the excitement of thoughts that are really novel and wonderful and beautiful, such as visit him in plentiful number in his better moods. "The Tormentor" read like a caricature of his own work. "The Destroyer" has delightful passages in it; and, though faulty enough, is never ridiculous, and hardly ever pretentious. We must, at least, go back to our attitude towards "Nancy Noon," and call it very promising. I own it is a poor story. All the disagreeable "modern" books that have been or may be written will never convince healthy people that when a man goes mad in consequence of a life of self-indulgence, his case is a pathetic, a heart-rending one. If we see the poor wretch struggling against temptations, or if we see him going to the bad for the sake of someone whom he cares for, then we recognise the materials for tragedy.

But we are shown nothing of the kind in this case, only a rich young idler losing his mental health after a surfeit in the tuck-shops of life—entirely commonplace and rather disgusting. It is hard, of course, on Violet that, when at last he does fall in love, she should be his choice. But we never seriously believe that Besser will remain celibate, for all his coquetting with the priesthood, and we know that Hubert's mental malady is one that kills. So we are not really anxious about her ultimate happiness. Then there is an incredible minor story. Violet has a "double" of low degree, one Miriam. They are daughters of one father, of course. This shame has been darkly hinted at for years and years, and at last the father, Sir Saul, the Squire, disappears in consequence of it. But in a real parish, with such proofs, it would not have been darkly hinted at for years. It would have been spoken outright, and very quickly, and it would very likely have been fully condoned. There is no object in letting the Squire's punishment drag on, for his disappearance would have been equally unimportant at any stage. The seams of the story are badly put together, and, indeed, it is easy to find fault with much of it. But it can afford that we should do so, for, condemn the story as we may, and attack the reality of the characters, yet there remains—Mr. Swift's own original self, full of whimsical conversation, delightful suggestion, and poetry—

"I'm like a diver who has seen all the sunk jewellery of the sea!" is Hubert's description of his madness.

"Have you noted," wrote Dr. Bede, "the blunting of the features in mad passion? It appears to be caused by a shifting of the centres of control."

He turned swiftly round at the thought, as quickly as men turn at the sound of money when it falls.

These are things picked at random, not the best, but giving some hint of Mr. Swift's brilliant imagery and his wonderfully true observation.

Since "The Raiders," Mr. Crockett has given us nothing so uniformly bright and good as "The Standard-Bearer" (Methuen). The story is all that it need be; the scenes are laid in South-Western Scotland of the Covenant days, where the author is most of all at home; and the workmanship is excellent. It does not, perhaps it could not, altogether fulfil its beginning. Look at this picture of a lucky boy's life—

For me, as soon as it was light, I was up and away to the hills, where sometimes, in the full lambing-time, I would spend all night on the heathery fells or among the lirks and hidden dells of the mountain fastnesses. And, oh! but it was pleasant work, and I liked it well! The breathing airs; the wide, starry arch I looked up into, when night had drawn her nightcap low down over the girdling blue-black hills; the moon glinting on the wrinkled breast of Loch Ken; the moor birds, whaup and snipe, plover and wild-duck, cheeping and chumming in their nests, while the wood-doves' moan rose plaintive from every copse and covert—it was a fit birthplace for a young lad's soul, though, indeed, at that time none was farther from guessing it than Quintin MacClellan.

That is how Mr. Crockett can write when he likes, and when he writes of what he knows best of all—the things of the hills and the sky. In this good story we have only two regrets. These concern a very attractive young woman called Anna, a douce, dignified person, that reminds one more of Mr. Barrie's favourite womenkind than Mr. Crockett's, and a still more wonderful damsel, with the tremendous name of Alexander-Jonita—a veritable Amazon and a thorough good fellow. If only they had been given more prominent rôles! But Mr. Crockett has a way of not letting go the personages whom he likes, and very likely we have not seen the last of the interesting and strongly contrasted pair. Perhaps the best scene of all—certainly the most memorable, if one is to judge by the quotations from the book in the reviews—is the taming of the Bull of Earlstoun in his black mood. Alexander Gordon, the "Bull," is a formidable Saul to encounter, and Quintin, who plays David on the occasion, had admonitions instead of a harp. But he dared the powder as well as the wrath of the mad, sulking creature, and stood his ground till the admonitions and the comfort had found their billet. And for reward he was audience of the most extraordinary cursing prayer that even a fervent Scottish believer ever uttered. It has been quoted from; it will be quoted from again, and remembered. But readers who turn to the "Standard-Bearer" for the sake of this great Anathema will also find milder matter of equal attraction.

O. O.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The Spanish-American war has not lasted very long, and it has certainly deranged trade comparatively little. There is no question, nor is likely to be, of Spanish ships blockading American ports, and nothing short of a blockade could check the passage of the wheat of the West, carried, as it generally is, by British ships. Yet the mere existence of war, joined, it is true, with a deficient supply and a considerable "corner" in wheat, has run up bread to a figure high enough (if maintained) to bring prosperity to English agriculture, and has brought countries like Italy and Spain, with a large section of their population ever on the verge of starvation, to bread-riots and anarchy. And though there is no real, serious interruption of communication, and no reason why imported corn should be extravagantly dearer, the effects of the comparatively slight disturbance are enough to make us think very seriously of the probable consequences if we were at war, say, with France, and the French not only captured our corn-carrying vessels, but declared wheat contraband of war. And that France would do so, if she found her account in it, there is the precedent of her last Chinese war to show. In that petty struggle, rice going to the Chinese ports was declared by the French to be contraband of war, because it was, or might have been, intended for feeding Chinese garrisons or crews. Much more, then, would wheat and flour be accounted contraband, if, by stopping them, France could not only straiten a garrison or two, but actually starve her rival into submission.

Now, there are several ways of averting this risk. There is the Protectionist method. Wheat may be made so dear by import duties as to render it profitable for farmers to grow it to the former large extent. That would let England grow, say, half or two-thirds of the corn she needs to keep her swarming population. But the other half or third would need to be imported as before; and the measure of prices in a time of war would be what had to be paid for the absolutely necessary imports. To starve a third of the population would be as sure a weapon as to starve two-thirds, though less speedy in operation. And, meanwhile, the protection that made the mechanic's food artificially dear must be compensated for by securing him the home market by heavy duties on foreign manufactures. This is what Protectionist countries have done, with the result that a few weeks of rather languid war have reduced Spain and Italy to desperation, and forced France to drop her duty on breadstuffs. Evidently, the Protectionist remedy, apart from the difficulty of enforcing the "dear loaf" system, is not in itself effectual.

Next comes the plan of granaries. Enormous quantities of grain are to be stored by the Government, and periodically sold out and renewed during peace. In time of war they are to be opened at a moderate price. The provision is to be enough for a year, or nearly. This is, however, rather too Socialistic for many of us, and also it would open the way to much jobbery and much party bribing. Further, it would put the Government in the place of the corn-speculator. The point at which the granary should be opened would always be a centre of political discussion. Alarmists would keep the grain till distress was severe; demagogues would want to win cheap popularity by emptying the granaries before the pinch came. To work the scheme properly would require a consummate man of business who was also a statesman and a patriot and could command a majority in Parliament. Once in a century we may expect to have some approach to such a man, and, unfortunately, the need of him is likely to come at an entirely different part of that century.

State granaries are well enough under a despotic Pharaoh with an inspired Joseph (*not* of Birmingham) to advise him; in a democratic State a proper administration of the public barns would be a miracle. We should not, indeed, find ourselves as unprovided and helpless as the Spaniards now do in face of a war that has been visibly approaching for more than a year; but something would certainly have gone wrong, and we should have to redeem our official incompetence by squandering millions like water, as in the days of the Crimean War. The public store of wheat might, if everything fell out right, save the country in extremity; but everything would have to fall out right for this result, and meanwhile the existence of the store might have worked untold mischief in rendering the country less inclined to keep up a strong navy. "Why trouble about ironclads?" economical M.P.'s would ask. "We can't be starved out now under a year or two, even if we are blockaded—which is impossible." No; but if England's navy was defeated and disgraced, England's day would be done, though the island was stored fathoms deep with food. A slave is none the less a slave for being well fed.

Therefore we come back to the old conclusion, that the only safe way is to have a navy so obviously superior to any probable combination of hostile fleets as to ensure us the control of the great sea-routes. And, in addition to this, we may safely reckon on the help of our good cousins across the Atlantic, whose fleet has already shown that it has quality, and will certainly have quantity as well in a few years. For to keep American corn from British stomachs is keeping British gold from American pockets. France and Russia will certainly not buy the wheat they intercept. And there is nothing like a solid mercantile interest for drawing nations together. Kinship of blood is much; but the solid guarantee for a future Anglo-American alliance is that the Western farmer will be ruined if he cannot sell his wheat, and the Eastern workman or shopkeeper will be starved if he cannot buy it.—MARMITON.

AN OLD-TIME LOVE TRAGEDY AND A MODERN M.P.

I wish I were where Helen lies;
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnel Lee.

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me.

You remember the ballad; it tells an old, old story, dating back to the fifteenth century, in fact; but the romance of yesterday has become a prosaic reality to-day in the minds of the inhabitants of the Dumfriesshire parish of Kirkpatrick-Fleming (in which the ancient Kirkconnel is absorbed). The churchyard lies within the domains (or "policies") of Springkell, belonging to Mr. Jabez Johnson-Ferguson, Member of Parliament for the Loughborough division of Leicestershire. He was only a Johnson to start with, being the son of a Manchester man. He is a director of the Williams Deacon and Manchester and Salford Bank, and assumed the additional name of Ferguson only in 1881. Now he claims the sole right of the fine old churchyard, and declines to allow the parishioners to lay their dead there as of old. The parishioners,



KIRKCONNEL, OLD CHURCHYARD.



ADAM FLEMING LIES HERE.

acting on the belief they had had "Too Much Johnson," did carry out a funeral there lately, despite the veto, and so the M.P. has threatened an appeal to the law courts to compel removal of the body. Thus around a spot about which clings the romance of poesy and tragedy there is likely soon to be waged a warfare of legal process.

Over and above this, the old place is interesting by reason of the sad story of "Fair Helen" of immortal memory. There were two suitors, neighbouring squires, for the hand of Helen Irving, daughter of the Baron of Kirkconnel. Her family was so widely spread and highly placed in the Borderland that it is said nine brothers of them each built himself a tower and led a body of armed retainers to the field. Her father and her mother would fain have seen the flower of Kirtle bestow her hand on Bell of Blackethouse, but she lost her heart to Adam Fleming of Kirkpatrick, one of the Kirkpatricks whose story was recently told in these pages. In the happiness of their plighted troth, they were walking in a sylvan glade, when the disappointed rival stepped from a leafy ambush. The bullet which he aimed at Fleming found its billet in the lady's heart, for she had seen the danger and threw herself before her lover that she might shield him from it. The minstrel represents that the survivor took swift and savage vengeance on the assassin. Another version of the tale represents him as pursuing his enemy to

Spain and there doing him to death. Tradition on this point, at least, is settled, that he braved death in the field in a foreign land and lived to bring back a broken heart to lay on the grave of his lost Helen.

A weather-beaten stone cross, lopped of one of its arms, marks the spot where she fell, and the graves of the lovers are still green, little more than fifty yards away, in the little churchyard of Kirkconnel, where still from time to time a father of adjoining hamlets is laid to sleep beside the remnant of a tiny church which has been deserted for well-nigh three centuries. Wordsworth visited the spot, and in a set of beautiful verses, somewhat marred by the sad jumble which he made of the names, he expressed the pious hope that no rude hand would deface "the forlorn hic jacet" of the tombstone. This, however, has been done by time. Along the edge of one of the flat stones can still be deciphered fragments of the following laconic inscription, the letters placed within brackets being quite obliterated: "[Hic] Jacet [Ada]m Flem[ing]." Running almost the full length of the stone is to be distinctly traced the outline of a sculptured sword, and more dimly another object, which may have been a scabbard, but could hardly have been a cross, as Sir Walter Scott says it was. The encroaching lichen has eaten any trace of inscription from the companion stone.



THE STONE CROSS INDICATES WHERE "FAIR HELEN" WAS SHOT BY HER LOVER.

WHY WE SHOULD HONOUR CHARLOTTE YONGE.

When a writer has been working for over half a century, reaching that vast audience which does not care to reckon itself "literary," and bringing immense pleasure to generation after generation—when, moreover, the financial harvest of this work has been used for other than mere personal

aggrandisement, then that writer deserves the gratitude of the living. That is why the English-speaking world should honour Miss Charlotte Mary Yonge, who has done all of these things quietly and conscientiously, without a suspicion of boom. It is fifty-one years since she gave the world "Scenes and Characters; or, Eighteen Months at Beecher's," and since that time over a hundred and twenty books have come from her pen, one and all on a high level of conscientious endeavour.

It is in consequence of this that a movement is on foot in Winchester, where Jane Austen, the greatest of women writers, lies, to honour Miss Yonge with a schenle after her own heart—namely, to found in the High School of the historic town a scholarship for girls. A sum of £6000 will be required in order to found a scholarship of £50 to be given every year and held for three years. This will necessitate an

income of £150 a year—donations may be paid at the London and County Bank, Winchester (or at any branch of this bank), or to the hon. treasurer, the Rev. J. H. Merriott, Dormy Cottage, Winchester—and a host of notable people, from the Princess of Wales down to Miss Helen Gladstone, have sent in their names as approving highly of the scheme. Miss Yonge has been connected with the school as one of the Council of Management since its foundation in 1884.

Charlotte Mary Yonge is the only daughter of the late W. C. Yonge. She was born in 1823, at the little village of Otterbourne, about four miles south of Winchester, in the valley of the Itchen. When she was thirteen the Keble of the "Christian Year" became rector of the village, and the church, consecrated in 1839, bears witness as well to the living as the dead. For, though it was built in 1838, it has since been remodelled and restored, the entire cost of the work being defrayed by Miss Yonge. It is an interesting fact that the churchyard contains a holly hedge raised from the berries of the holly used to adorn the church on the first Christmas after its consecration.

From her earliest childhood Miss Yonge seems to have given full play to an imagination which, if not strong, was at least vivid and artistic, and one that doubtless was much strengthened and developed by the fact that she sought in the companionship of free fancies to enliven the somewhat lonely life of an only child.

"When did I begin story-weaving? I can hardly tell. I know that in almost baby-days, for want of companions, I imagined ten boys and eleven girls living in an arbour. I can remember nothing about them except that two were named Caroline and Lucy." Thus simply in later life writes the gifted authoress, and the story, like the stories of the early sayings and doings of all men and women who leave a mark upon the times in which they live, is suggestive and characteristic. In her life and in her writings there has always been a predilection

for girlhood, and it is chiefly by her influence upon the lives and characters of girls at the impressionable period when maidenhood is budding into womanhood that Miss Yonge retains a hold upon the affections of the present generation.

In an article entitled "Authorship," one of a series of articles published in the *Monthly Packet* under the heading of "Work and Workers, by the Actual Workers," Miss Yonge writes: "Woman can often speak with great effect to her own generation, even if her achievements do not obtain lasting fame, and this should be her aim." There is a pleasing story told of her earliest published work, "Abbey Church," which shows that such was from the first her endeavour. When the work was completed and ready for the publishers, the father took the young writer aside and gravely told her "that there were three reasons for which one might desire to publish—love of vanity, or of gain, or the wish to do good." "I answered," said Miss Yonge, "with tears, that I really hoped I had written with the purpose of being useful to young girls like myself." It is not given to many in this world of stillborn resolutions and unrealised ideals to so completely accomplish the object of ambition. But underlying this desire to benefit others was what the author herself calls "the sheer love of the expression of thoughts or of setting the puppets of one's imagination to work"—a curious reminiscence this of those "ten boys and eleven girls living in an arbour."

The first book which really attracted the attention of the general public was "The Heir of Redclyffe" (1853). This was published by the author at the age of thirty, and is probably still the best-known of her numerous works. The profits arising from its sale were very considerable. Out of these Miss Yonge set aside a sufficient sum to fit out the schooner *Southern Cross* as a missionary ship for the use of Bishop Selwyn in Melanesia. "The Daisy Chain" is another well-known book. Out of the profits derived from this work Miss Yonge gave £2000 towards a missionary college at Auckland. Nor have her gifts at home been less generous. She has restored at her own cost the church in her native village of Otterbourne, and has also been instrumental in founding and maintaining the church schools there. Among her most popular works are "Abbey Church," "The Heir of Redclyffe," "The Daisy Chain," "Heartsease," "The Little Duke," "Cameos from English History," and "Kenneth." Miss Yonge has also edited "Biographies of Good Women," Pressensé's "Two Years of School Life," "Dames of High Estate," "The Youth of Queen Elizabeth," "Catherine of Aragon," and "The Sources of the Reformation."

For some years Miss Yonge edited the *Monthly Packet*, and she is now editor of *Mothers in Council*, the organ of the society entitled "The Mothers' Union."

I cannot conclude without quoting again from the article on "Work and Workers": "One thing it may be well to say. There is at present a taste for sensation and a certain conventional distaste for a moral, pure, and religious tone. It is a fatal thing to be led away by it. If for every idle word we speak we are to give account, how much more for every word we write? And, setting aside this awful aspect, what is written without the salt of life does not live or acquire fame. Even remuneration is only ephemeral. Evil is a dead weight, sinking the performance."



MISS YONGE.

Photo by Green, Winchester



THE WHITE HOUSE, OTTERBOURNE, WHERE MISS YONGE RESIDES.

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"THE CONQUERORS," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



Eric von Rodeck, the Prussian Lieutenant (Mr. George Alexander), is the chief of the roysterers who take up their quarters in the Baron de Grandpré's mansion at Dinan.



Yvonne de Grandpré (Miss Julia Neilson), the Baron's sister, defies him by throwing a glass of wine in his face.



Cri-Cri, the village orator (Mr. R. G. Legge).



Merle and Rossignol, two tradesmen of Dinan (Mr. Holmes-Gore and Mr. A. Royston).

"THE CONQUERORS," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MR. ALEXANDER AS ERIC VON RODECK.

"THE CONQUERORS," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AS JEANNE MARIE, FOSTER-SISTER OF YVONNE DE GRANDPRE

"THE CONQUERORS," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



Bobèche (Mr. H. B. Irving), the village innkeeper, waiting to murder Yvonne when Eric has left.



This is the way the Prussians behaved to the conquered.



Jeanne Marie and her drunken husband, Bobèche.



Yvonne faints in the inn after Bobèche attacks her.

"THE CONQUERORS," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis Upper Baker Street, N.W.



The De Grandpré priest (Mr. H. H. Vincent).



Babiole de Grandpré (Miss Fay Davis).



The Prussian officer (Mr. H. V. Esmond) who makes love to Babiole.



The Prussian General (Mr. J. D. Ecceridge).

COCKATOOS.

The cockatoos constitute a branch of the great parrot family, and, with the exception of one species which inhabits the Philippine Islands, are peculiar to the Australasian region. Leadbeater's Cockatoo is one of the most beautiful of the group, his white plumage being tinged with rose-colour—Mr. W. T. Greene, the great authority on cage-parrots, describes it aptly as "raspberry and cream" colour—but, as his mental endowments are by no means equal to his personal attractions, he is less popular as a pet than species with more intelligence than good looks. One point in his favour must be mentioned: he is a less determined screamer than the majority of cockatoos; this, however, is not saying much. In his native woods of South Australia, Leadbeater's Cockatoo is very shy and difficult of approach. It has never been known to breed in Europe, and the birds sent to this country, no doubt taken as nestlings in the majority of instances, remain usually wild and suspicious, though it bears confinement well and does not suffer from the cold.

There seems to be some doubt whether the Crested Cockatoo, or, to give him his more descriptive name, Great Sulphur-Crested Cockatoo of Australia, is identical with the White Cockatoo of Tasmania or not; that, however, is a natural history detail of little interest to most people, who regard the cockatoos as domestic companions. This is, perhaps, the most popular bird of the whole genus—intelligent, docile, and hardy; most cockatoos are reputed ill-tempered, but the fault generally lies outside the cage. It may be interesting to see the bird expand its crest and



LEADBEATER'S COCKATOOS.

wings and hear his ornithological Billingsgate when teased, but it is the teasing and nothing else that produces such a damaging effect upon the cockatoo's disposition. At home in Australia the cockatoo is not beloved of the farmer, and it can be well imagined that a flock of these big birds, amounting often to thousands, commit fearful havoc upon the crops. Hence it is shot down as remorselessly as the sparrow in England when it grows too numerous to be acceptable to the agriculturist. Like the rest of the genus, this cockatoo usually makes its nest in a hollow tree, where the hen lays two pure-white eggs; the Sulphur-Crest, however, departs from family tradition in some districts. Gould says that the crevices of the white cliffs over the Murray River are the resort of thousands of this species in the breeding season.

Anybody who intends to keep cockatoos, parrots, or parrakeets should make a point of first learning how the various species should be treated and fed in captivity. For the larger birds, Mr. Greene's "Parrots in Captivity" has for several years been the standard book; the same authority has recently published an excellent little shilling book on "Popular Parrakeets" (L. Upcott Gill), which is full of valuable hints and suggestions to those who keep these amusing little birds in cage or aviary. Most of the parrot family can be kept out of doors in suitable quarters; draughty rooms kill more parrots than any degree of cold, and it is hardly necessary to remark that in an aviary large enough to allow the birds a fair amount of liberty they are far more interesting. Many of the parrakeets breed freely in outdoor aviaries, and thus can be made a source of profit as well as pleasure.



CRESTED COCKATOOS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILSON, ABERDEEN.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



THE JOCKEY.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

UNDER THE BROAD ARROW.*

If every soldier is born to the possible bâton of the Field-Marshal, so is every civilian to a possible cell. This, at least, is the text upon which Marie C. Leighton and Robert Leighton seem to have founded this remarkable story of "Convict 99." An odd turn of the wheel of chance, a presentable and well-dressed villain, a misunderstanding which is not cleared up, and even the deacon of your chapel may find his sphere of work in Portland or on the breezy marshlands of Dartmoor. If the text is a great one, if the sermon is startling beyond all reason, the moral which follows it is none the less convincing. For the matter of that, we do not care twopence how Laurence Gray, the innocent hero of this book, came to Grimley Gaol. It is rather with the treatment of the prisoners in that abode of gloom and ignorance and suffering that we have to do. There is no disguise at all about it; "Convict 99" is one more indictment of that stupendous growth of folly we call our prison system. A stirring story that has helped the fortune of many newspapers, I venture to think that it will do more (if aught is to be done) to preach the apocalypse to the ignorant than all the leaders that were ever written, or all the orations that were ever outpoured. For people will read it as they read "It's Never Too Late to Mend," and behind the pardonable conventions of its story they will find the answer to the question—"Is our prison system brutal, inhuman, demoralising, gross?" The answer is, "Yes"; and these authors write it in letters of scarlet.

But let us turn to the story of this engrossing book, and see on what evidence so powerful a charge is laid. I have referred to the possible deacon delivering a homily to the stones of Portland, but no deacon is the hero of "Convict 99." Marie C. Leighton and Robert Leighton know their business far too well to commit so grave an error. They must choose a victim capable of the finest shades of degradation and of suffering; they must win sympathy for him; they must surprise him at a moment when he would least wish to be surprised—the moment when he is making love to pretty Geraldine. Laurence Gray is the hero, and, needless to say, the villain, frock-coated, scowling, and full of attitudes, quickly appears upon a scene so full of charm and whispers. Gray leaves the house of his chosen father-in-law at Hampstead, and going to the station is confronted by those two men who, from time immemorial, have clapped the unadorned bracelets upon the wrists of the innocent

condemned to penal servitude. I am not concerned with its defence, but I confess freely that this account has convinced me. It was, perhaps, a misfortune that the authors should have added to the atrocities, which the law has prescribed for crime, the possibilities of further brutalities which a bribed warder might inflict upon his prisoner. So



MRS. LEIGHTON.



MR. LEIGHTON.

of the first act and the guilty of the fifth. Gray is tried, is condemned to death, is reprieved, and comes at last to Grimley Prison. Here the real interest of the document begins.

The greatest pains, we are assured, have been taken to give us in "Convict 99" a faithful and moderate recital of the life of a man

easy is it for cast-iron officialism to answer, "No warder is ever bribed." Yet, even granted that Warder Gannaway, who makes it the object of a laudable life to play the part of Torquemada to Laurence Gray, is an unlikely person, the book is no less powerful. It answers all the questions we have put, and answers them without circumlocution. Are prisoners ill-fed? The assurance is that they are brought to the very verge of slow starvation and lifelong enfeeblement. Is the treatment of them ignorant? The authors answer that it is ignorant to the point of imbecility—ignorant with that pride of the martinet which knows nothing of the science of mind or of body or of the very elements of economics. The driven man, in this moving story, goes quickly down the road which makes of so many both the brute and the criminal. Starved, degraded beyond words, punished by rule of thumb, he learns at last what the meaning may be of that liberty-hunger from which all convicts suffer. He attempts to escape, is shot and, wounded, dragged back to his cell, and condemned to the lash. If, subsequently, his innocence is established and he is restored to the charming creature of the conservatory and the whispers, we know very well that ninety-nine out of every hundred of his fellows enjoy in stern fact no such pleasing turn of fortune, but live to the end those unspeakable years with which we seek to make bad men good and to uphold the boasts of our civilisation.

It is a great tale, which will be read by many thousands. We forget its conventions, its frock-coated villain, even its rhapsodies, and forgive them readily, for truth is at the heart of it, and truth in England to-day is struggling bravely with the little gods of the prison system and their worship. "Convict 99" puts a new weapon into the hands of the accusers. It is fittingly dedicated to Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth, whose enthusiasm, say the authors, has done not a little to inspire it, whose powerful help should do not a little to hasten the day when the prisons of England will open their doors to the light of reason, and the very names of those who have scheduled the atrocities of our time will be consigned to a dishonourable oblivion.

M.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

* "Convict 99." By Marie C. Leighton and Robert Leighton. London: Grant Richards.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

COMPANIONS OF THE ROAD.

BY HAIDÉE WRIGHT.

The writer of this story is the well-known actress who made so great an impression by her remarkable performance as the boy Stephanus in "The Sign of the Cross." Her brother, Mr. Huntley Wright, plays so amusingly the Chinaman in "The Geisha." Mr. Fred Wright, the father of these two, is a veteran manager in the provinces.

"Thank God for all things beautiful!" cried the Artist.

"Thank Gord for my good dinner!" said the Tramp.

Then she wiped her mouth on the back of her rough hand, and the Artist felt for his pipe.

He found it and fumbled for some matches, laying palette and brushes carefully on the ground.

The matches found, he struck one. Encountering in the process a glance from curious eyes, he sent the box spinning in their owner's lap.

"Join me?" he said, and, the Tramp acquiescing with a nod, tossed a cigarette after it, as he had, some time before, tossed her his luncheon out of the wallet at his feet.

She picked it up and fingered it, then placed it somewhat gingerly between her lips.

It was a maiden effort; that was evident. He laughed when the thing rolled, smoking, to his feet.

"Don't like it, don't you?"

She coughed and spluttered.

"Well, why the dickens did you take it, then?"

She was livid with discomfort, but she raised her brows.

"'Ow are you to know nice from narsty till yer've tried it?"

The Artist laughed.

"Excellently argued, my wayside philosopher." He stretched his legs—with caution—on the camp-stool, smiling cynically through a cloud of smoke. "Other people's experiences are never satisfactory. Get your own first-hand. I always do."

Some specks of ash besprinkled her worn gown. She shook it free of them with a careful hand. Then she locked it in its fellow round her knees, and sat looking at the Artist, who, in turn, was looking at his picture. And in the eyes of both dawned a growing geniality, born on the one side of artistic satisfaction, on the other of a grosser kind, derived from a full stomach.

Presently the girl's gaze wandered to the canvas.

"Is that *me*?" she asked, and paused and flushed resentfully.

"A doubtful likeness, since you fail to recognise it." He laughed.

"It looks——," she said, and stopped.

"Well?" he urged, expectant of a quaint criticism.

"Like a play-actress—in tights," she finished, frowning heavily.

He chuckled. The remark amused him. He knew so many "play-actresses in tights" who would shrink from contact with this dusty wayside wanderer. Yet, in turn, this vagrant shrank from them. She resented even the resemblance of a curve. The thing was humorous.

He turned and glanced at the canvas.

Yes, he *had* outlined the figure somewhat daringly; but, then, it was that grand sweep from knee to shoulder which had first attracted him. He had passed her earlier in the day, sitting by the roadside combing out her hair—had passed her, with his still buoyant step and knapsack strapped to shoulder, humming gaily. But—struck by something in the girl's attitude—he had retraced his steps, and asked her to sit to him.

She still regarded the picture, lines of dissatisfaction puckering her brows.

"Well?" said the artist.

"Them boots o' mine," she answered. A pause. "Couldn't you rub 'em out?" persuasively; "I've got a better pair—spring-side 'uns—in my bundle."

The Artist shook his head. They were bad boots, he conceded, but good art.

"Oh well," she said, "if that's it"—adding vaguely, "I'll forgive a gent a lot if 'e's good-'earted."

A horsey-looking man, his outspread legs encased in skin-tight trousers, rattled by them, driving a light cart. He leered at the girl in passing.

"Who's your friend?"

The Tramp's brows lowered.

"He ain't no friend o' mine."

"Oh, come now," lightly; "you're not so solitary as I thought, apparently. To be sure, you're too young and too good-looking to lack company by the way."

"I needn't," she said, and smiled in great contempt. "That cove offered me a lift larst night, farther up the road."

"The deuce he did! Well," with the easy tolerance of an avowed Bohemian, "weren't you rather foolish to refuse?"

She sent a scowl after the dust-enveloped wheels.

"I'm on my own since mother died," she said. "When I want a pal, I'll choose my own company."

The Artist laughed.

"That's right, my dear; I commend your judgment; the Serpent in this case was an ugly-looking customer."

He pulled at his pipe in silence.

"So mother's dead?"—presently. "Dear, dear! That's bad." He struggled with a yawn. "What did she die of?" Vaguely sympathetic.

"Booze," returned the Tramp, but spoke so gravely he checked a rising laugh.

"And father? Where is he?"

She shrugged her shapely shoulders.

"Gord knows." She sat up, coiling up her hair. "Where *do* the fathers of pore gals' children go?"

He nodded comprehensively, curving his thumb downwards.

The girl laughed.

"Ain't that the plaice wot's paved with good intentions? Well, father never 'ad any t'ords mother, so 'e won't go *there*."

Stooping for his brushes, he began touching up the canvas.

"Well—father being an accident, and mother given to drink—you led a nice life of it between them, I suppose?"

"Father was a gentleman. 'E only see me once."

"When he salved mother's conscience with alimony, I presume?" He laughed, the laugh of the cynic who, blasé, sins no more. "History repeats itself in matters of the kind. . . . And she beat you, of course? Half-starved you 'in her cups'?"

"Wot! mother?" The girl looked up, ire flaming in her eye. "A angel of a woman—when she weren't in drink, pore soul!"

She stopped and sighed. He was struck by her expression. He went on questioning, working rapidly the while.

"What did you do for a living? Had you any trade?"

"We wos artificial-flower makers in the winter time," she said; "in the summer we went tramping, and earned a bit at 'opping."

"'Opping?"

"Yus, 'op-picking—that's wot I'm doing now."

"I see. Where are you making for?"

"A bit farther up the road, to a place where they knows me. We're old hands, me an' mother."

The gloom in her eyes deepened. His brush was kept at work.

"It's a hard life?"

"It *ain't* all beer and skittles!"

"I'll tell you what," suddenly; "you're a handsome girl, you make a first-rate sitter; I'll put you into the way of earning money as a model."

She was silent.

"What do you say?"

She sat smoothing out her dress. He ran a critical eye over the lines of her full figure.

"That's my address," he said, scribbling on a card. "When you're back in town just come and look me up."

He tossed it over. She let it lie unheeded.

"I'd rather stick to the flower trade," she said.

The Artist was surprised; he paused, regarding her.

"The life's easy—you'll make good money as a model."

"'Um!" she answered, shutting her lips tight. A light dawned. The girl looked flushed and angry.

"You've nothing to be ashamed of," he smiled, eyeing her again.

She did not blush this time. Comments—coarse, even brutal—on her physical endowments fell on her ears by no means for the first time.

"I'm a honest woman," was all she found to answer.

"Of course, of course"; adding, "all my models are."

His tone penetrated the thick coating hardship and custom weave to guard the sensitive.

"I promised pore mother to keep straight," she said. "Took my Bible oath on it on 'er dyin' bed, I did."

Eyes and voice were alike earnest; they impressed him, though he laughed.

"Very commendable on your part, my dear; a trifle unreasonable on mother's, though."

Frowning for a moment, she turned her head aside. "Wot was the good o' talkin' serious to these swells?"

"It isn't carrying out your philosophy, you know," he spoke again presently; "the philosophy of the many, the philosophy of the cigarette." Gradually falling into thoughtfulness, he sighed. "Life itself is only a cigarette, carelessly made up, of mostly bad tobacco, the outer coating poison, and ending—in smoke and ashes."

They were silent for a while, engrossed in their own thoughts. Said the Tramp presently, with a sort of softened shyness, "Gord's good, but

A POLICEMAN'S LIFE MAY BE A HAPPY ONE.

Photographs by Fred Spalding, Chelmsford.



'e's got a large family! 'E's got to be e-co-nomical, I s'pose. Now, mother's misfortunes 'ad to warn me off the like. . . . It's same as a teacher at a night-school I oust went to. *She* got no time to set us all a copy—left us big 'uns to take the little 'uns in tow."

The Artist answered nothing; he was frowning at the canvas. Said the Tramp, leaning forward, with her elbows on her knees, "When someone as you've lived with 'as seen life, an' you're the consequences, the gilt's took off the gingerbread—you ain't a-aving none."

She watched the rings of smoke curling upwards from his pipe. "Life's awful funny," mused the Tramp.

The Artist conceded that it *was* rather humorous.

"It's like sorsages," plaintively; "you don't know wot you're swallerin'."

The Artist pronounced it an excellent simile. Life was like sausages, he agreed—piquant and alluring to the nostrils; if it proved less satisfying to the palate and tickled curiosity, you must shut your eyes and "down it," asking no questions.

The girl, wary of ridicule, eyed him with suspicion. She cried out suddenly, wishing she "was dead."

"My good soul, why?" pausing, a brush suspended in the air. "Death is extinction, a long, idle sleep; and to be idle is to be damned, which is the only creed I act on. No, I'd rather be a live dog than a dead king any day." The sketch was finished; he grew genial once more. "To die is to lose such power as we may possess—and we all of us possess power of some sort, my child, if it's only that supreme one of making oneself unpleasant."

He chuckled like a man who had never wasted his.

With a twist of her fine shoulders the Tramp rose to go.

"I must be movin'," she said, and bent to lift her bundle.

The Artist watched her.

"You'd better change your mind."

She shook her head.

"You're foolish."

"P'raps," she sighed. "Gord knows."

And moved away.

"Here, stop!" He called her back. "Take this—no nonsense, now!" He forced the money into her hand. "Now, smile." She looked at him. "Smile, in the name of decency, or you'll haunt me in my sleep!" She smiled—in heavy wonder. "There, there, be off!"

He was half-impatient, more with himself than her. She stood at his elbow, as if loth to leave his side.

"It must be fine to make pictures," said the Tramp.

"It must be finer to make money," said the Artist.

He began scrawling his name in green paint across the canvas.

"Is it for the Royle Academy?" she said.

"What do you know about the Royal Academy, pray?"

"Oh—nothin', reely; but I've been there once afore."

"The deuce you have!" turning in his seat. "I thought you told me this was your first sitting?"

"So 'tis—to remember; I was a baby the larst time . . . Father took me; 'e was a artist too."

"The devil he was! You never told me that."

"'E was though, a reel 'un, not a bloomin' paivement chalker."

He laughed.

"That's understood, since he was a Royal Academician. What was his name?"

"I ain't a-goin' to tell."

"What was the subject?"

"I was—in long clothes. Mother remembers it; it was the time 'e come to see 'er, an' she saw the picture afterwards in a winder in Pall Mall."

He was embellishing his signature with a flourish of the brush when a thought seemed to strike him and hold him by the wrist.

"What was it like? Did your mother ever tell you?"

"'Course she did, lots o' times. She was proud to think 'e'd noticed me. I was lyin', a'most naked, on some workus-looking steps, an' my eyes was wide open, lookin' up'ards at the stars."

"The Love Child!"

"That's it! You've seed the picture, too?"

"Often," quietly; "it's copied quite a deal."

His hand was growing careless; it swerved, and the brush slipped. The girl cried out; there was a daub across the canvas.

"There now," regretfully, "you've made a smudge acrost yer name. It looks like I was paddlin' in a puddle o' green paint!"

The Artist did not answer.

"I'm glad o' one thing, though," more cheerfully; "them boots are hid. I ain't stickin' my toes out for the birds to roost on."

Still he did not answer. His silence and abstraction were taken as dismissals. She hitched up her bundle, wishing him "Good-day."

"No; wait a bit." He got up for the first time, and came and stood before her. "Won't you shake hands before you go, my—my dear?"

Bewildered, but gratified, she gave him hers at once. It was rough and sunburnt, and perhaps not over-clean, yet there was a curious resemblance between the Tramp's hand and his own. He dropped it hurriedly.

"How old are you, my child?"

"Eighteen, come Chris'mas."

His eyes were on her face; they studied it intently.

"Ah-h!" he said, and dropped a few steps back. "Well, good-bye. Good luck! God bless you!"

Her eyes filled with tears.

"What are you crying for?"

The tears brimmed over

"At you. You spoke so kind; you made me think o' mother."

"A hint for your future guidance." His voice was hard again. "Never trust a man because he appears 'kind.' They're mostly dangerous, and often the worst sort."

The change in his tone depressed her.

"Ches'nuts!" she sighed forlornly; "pore mother told me that."

His glance fell to earth. A pink-tipped daisy was peeping above the grass; he ground it into the sod with the toe of his heavy boot.

"Good-bye, again."

She took his proffered hand.

"Stop that, for God's sake! I can't bear to see a woman cry."

Stop it she couldn't, but she crooked her arm and held it before her face.

"Life's so 'ard," she moaned; "people is such 'ogs, an' oh! I'm so lonely since my pore mother died!"

He stood beside her, listening to her sobs.

"My dear," he said at last; "we are all lonely—you on the high-road, I in the cities, 'pore mother' in her grave."

He paused, laying a hand on the girl's heaving shoulder. "Loneliness is the common lot; we carry it hidden in our souls through life; even in crowds it cries out ceaselessly above the din. We can make a noise to drown it, we can bury it deep down, we can call our friends together and smoke and drink upon its tomb—it will creep out in the night-time, when the others are all gone, and, climbing on to our pillows, sit and jabber to us in the dark. . . . But life has to be lived through," throwing back his head, "its prizes fought for, squabbled over; and errors, I suppose, must be committed by the way. . . . The preachers tell us that sin comes home to us; so it does, but it isn't to the sinner. There's a truth so brutal it might almost keep one good. The man who 'sees life' isn't asked to pay the piper; the 'wages' are exacted, but it's the innocent who pay."

The Tramp's tears were dried; she was lost in admiring wonder.

"I'm a hoary old sinner," he added, with a curiously gentle smile; "but take my advice, my dear, the advice of a man who might almost be your—father: go on being respectable, stay innocent—keep good."

He patted her shoulder, then gave it a gentle push. And so they parted. He watched her tramping down the long white road.

"Confound her eyes!" he muttered; "that's why they haunted me!"

She trudged on with her bundle. His eyes followed almost yearningly. She rounded a bend. The Tramp looked back.

"Liz!" he murmured half-unconsciously; "poor, pretty, foolish Liz!" His own voice roused him. He smiled into vacancy. "That was the name! I thought I had forgotten."

The road turned. She disappeared from view.

He whistled, frowned, and finally shrugged his shoulders.

"If she'd only been a lady," presently. He was staring at the canvas. "Bah! What nonsense! A tramp! Her mother's child!"

He fell on one knee and began packing up his traps.

"Life's so 'ard, an' people is such 'ogs!'"

His laugh rang out, but it wasn't a merry one. Picking up the picture, he held it in both hands.

"Good-bye, young Mournful Eyes," he said. "Good luck go with you! You've given me a heartache, but I wish you well."

His face twitched. He laid the canvas gently down.

"Confound it all! I'll burn the thing directly I get home!"

A CONFESSION.

I have forgotten how to love.

I lost the art so long ago . . .

(Or was it only yesterday?)

My wayward heart with weary wings

Goes ever seeking to and fro,

But hope has left her, as a dove

Slips from the hand and flies away . . .

I have forgotten how to love.

I wish I could forget his face . . .

I wish I could forget his name,

My old love of the olden time.

Ten years, eight years, six years ago

I did not dream of doubt or shame,

A child's brave love sees nothing base . . .

It sees the soul that is divine;

I wish I could forget his face. . . .

I loved him so . . . and he is dead.

But I remember Love's great joy . . .

And I remember Love's long pain . . .

And memory has taught me this:

To play with fate as with a toy,

To turn from tears and laugh instead,

Since now my tears are all in vain.

I loved him so . . . and he is dead. . . .

OLIVE CUSTANCE.

THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

Here are some particulars as to the historical uniforms which we shall see in the grand pageant at the Military Tournament. As usual, these matters were entrusted to Mr. W. Clarkson, the well-known perruquier and costumier, and this information is derived from him. The first notable event to be illustrated, so far as the British forces engaged are concerned, will be the capture of Cadiz. That was the Elizabethan period, 1596—the time of Drake and Howard of Effingham and my Lord Essex—and so the uniforms are Elizabethan. The soldiers have breast-plates, they wear morions, some have arquebuses, others bows and arrows; they appear in odd-looking short tunics. You will find it hard to distinguish the uniform of the soldier from that of the sailor, for in those days the most notable difference perhaps was that the former wore



THE CANDLESTICK TABLEAU.

Photo by Shelley.

armour, while the latter took his chances without it. In those times also men were known largely by the chiefs they followed—for instance, there was Howard of Effingham's regiment and the regiment of Lord Essex. If you are skilled in heraldry, keep your eye on the different escutcheons, and then you will be able to tell the captains and men so denoted.

Next we may take, in the pageant, the capture of Gibraltar, an event which pertains to the year 1704. This was the Marlborough period, as costumiers call it, after the great duke of that name. English soldiers had now become more regularised in their uniforms, though picturesqueness was really still before uniformity. The soldiers who helped in the capture of Gibraltar wore long red coats, white stocking gaiters, and three-corner hats. The marines of the period sported yellow facings instead of blue, as now, and the sailors went in for variety in clothing. Somehow, Jack had quite a large freedom in respect to his get-up, and he took advantage of it. Yet perhaps there was a general type, namely, 'dark-grey coats—think of a modern tar in a grey coat!—with bright buttons, waistcoats of a red and black stripe, grey breeches, and greyish stockings. Grey was the predominant colour; perhaps it may have been because it was found serviceable. We jump a full century—from the capture of "Gib" to the battle of Alexandria, date 1801. Now, the British sailor was cutting it in white duck trousers, snipped off short, so the shoes and buckles might be apparent. Add a red double-breasted waistcoat, a sort of primitive Eton-jacket, a shiny John Bull hat—add all these and you have some idea of how Jack looked at Alexandria.

The soldiers who fought under Sir Ralph Abercromby at this important battle—very important in respect to the fate of Egypt—also made a thoroughly good show. They had knee-breeches of a lightish



JUMPING.

Photo by Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.

shade—and most unserviceable, surely!—black gaiters with white buttons, and, of course, the red coats. All through the British soldier has stuck to the scarlet, let the cut of its cloth vary as the years passed over. A drummer was denoted in a manner different from that with which we are familiar. The facings of the 28th Regiment, for example, were buff—buff upon the scarlet. Well, a drummer had a buff tunic with scarlet facings—a reversal of things. To-day we know a sergeant by the stripes on the sleeve of his tunic. But don't forget his red scarf, worn over the shoulder, because it was it only that denoted his rank at the beginning of the century. The scarf, however, was worn round the waist, and, as to fighting implements at Alexandria, their backbone was the flintlock. Of the dressing of the El Teb and Benin "living pictures" at the Tournament it is not necessary to speak, for they are events which belong to recent years, and will be recollected by thousands who see the show.

One of the most picturesque features of the Tournament will be the display given by the Army Gymnastic Staff from Aldershot. When the present chief instructor, Sergt.-Major W. Palmer, took charge of the gymnasium there, he found a traditional tableau in existence as the one stock-in-trade show-piece of the staff. This consisted of a simple building-up into a not very elaborate figure of some half-dozen men, and from that meagre basis he has evolved a series of form studies such as are depicted in the accompanying photographs. The Aldershot staff are constantly in request to increase the attraction of fêtes, carnivals, and the like, and no part of the programme performed is so popular with all classes of spectators as the tableaux. The Tournament is certainly improving every year, and now that criticism has been passed on its management the public seems to have greater belief in the purposes for which it was mainly instituted.



THE TIGER TABLEAU.

Photo by Shelley.

THE STORY OF "CYRANO DE BERGERAC."

The phenomenal success in Paris of M. Rostand's drama, which he calls a heroic comedy in verse, triumphantly refutes the reproach so often hurled at Parisians from this side of the Channel, that they are only attracted by a subversion of the Commandments. The strength and beauty of "Cyrano de Bergerac" are alike born of morality and virtue.



M. Rostand's plot is of the simplest, practically consisting of the love of two brave men, of different types, for the same woman, and the outcome thereof. We find throughout a beautiful, luminous concentration of thought and style, perfect in its simple mastery, at once moving, dominating, and convincing. In his choice of "Cyrano de Bergerac" as his central figure, M. Rostand demonstrates his keen sense of the dramatic potentialities of such a character. He finds, ready-made to his hand, magnificent material for further development. Who could wish for a finer hero than the dashing Gascon, ex-soldier of fortune, the hero of innumerable duels and dare-devil escapades, who turned man of letters and rose to such eminence that Molière, Voltaire, and our own Dean Swift honoured him by fleching his ideas? In lieu of falling into the conventional pitfalls obviously yawning in the transfer of such a character from real life to the stage, M. Rostand has succeeded in creating a superstructure of surpassing beauty on the original foundations, and in so finely welding fact and fancy as to enlist our keenest sympathies, and to cheat us into the illusion that we have been assisting in person at the exposition of a life drama.

Roxane loves and is beloved by Christian, a beautiful, brave simpleton. She is also loved by Cyrano, a man of the highest poetic and intellectual faculty, disfigured by a nose which, according to M. Rostand, places him without the pale of feminine sympathy.

How brilliantly ingenious and original is the situation of a woman wooed by the soul of one man expressed through the personality of another! Here we face the problem, dressed in a wonderful new garb, undraggled, unsmirched, of the Eternal Feminine, dominated, in turn, by the physical and the intellectual lover. Ceding to neither, she is conquered by both.

What can exceed the pathos and finality of Roxane's words, as she realises the extent of her loss in Cyrano's death—

Je n'aimais qu'un seul être, et je le perds deux fois.

The exquisite sensitiveness of M. Rostand's touch and method are nowhere more poignantly felt than in the last scene of the play, when Roxane discovers that the letter stained with Christian's blood, and which she has worn next her heart for fourteen years, was written by Cyrano. They are in an old convent garden; it is the twilight of an autumn day; each leaf, each shadow that falls, brings them nearer to the great catastrophe. Cyrano is dying, struck by the treacherous hand of an assassin. Upheld by his desire to spare Roxane pain, he hides his last agonies under an assumption of the old, careless, platonic tenderness, and expresses a wish to see the letter which he had written for Christian to Roxane before he went into action, and of which Christian's death had prevented him declaring himself the author. It is an eternal farewell. As Cyrano reads it aloud, night draws on, and overshadows his soul. The knowledge of his great deception and silence reaches Roxane as his lips form the words which his eyes can no longer see. This is a moment which, in its combination of simplicity and sublimity, stamps its creator with the possession of genius.

Cyrano, his brow already damp with the dew of death, betrays himself in every word—

ROXANE. J'aperçois toute la généreuse imposture:
Les lettres, c'était vous . . .

CYRANO. Non!

ROXANE. Les mots chers et fous

C'était vous . . .

CYRANO. Non!

ROXANE. La voix dans la nuit, c'était vous!

CYRANO. Je vous jure que non!

ROXANE. L'âme, c'était la vôtre!

CYRANO. Je ne vous aimais pas.

ROXANE. Vous m'aimiez!

CYRANO. Non!

ROXANE. Déjà vous le dites plus bas!

CYRANO. Non, non, mon cher amour, je ne vous aimais pas!

It is undeniable that there is no flaw in M. Rostand's psychology. Roxane in her primary stage of development would undoubtedly have been repulsed by Cyrano's lack of outer beauty, even had he possessed the courage to declare his passion in his own person, and yet she was dissatisfied with Christian's formula, and groped vaguely, seeking the sun of Cyrano's genius until her soul ripened in the warmth of its rays—too late. Therein lies the tragedy. It is pleasanter to approach Roxane first in her later and sentient period. Her early obtuseness exasperates, and in a measure humiliates. She is even unappreciative and unconscious of the simple dignity of Christian's avowal—

CHRISTIAN. Je vous aime.

ROXANE. Oui, parlez-moi d'amour.

CHRISTIAN. Je t'aime.

ROXANE. C'est le thème.

Brodez, brodez.

CHRISTIAN. Ton cou!

Je voudrais l'embrasser!

ROXANE. Christian!

CHRISTIAN. Je t'aime!

ROXANE (voulant se lever). Encore!

The originality of the love scene *à trois* which follows is probably unique. Cyrano, speaking in whispers, and hidden under the balcony, is thought to be Christian by Roxane, who listens spellbound to Cyrano's intoxicating "embroidery" on the theme so crudely given out by Christian. This scene is again illuminated by one of M. Rostand's irresistible flashes of humour: Christian interrupts Cyrano's poetic adjurations by a brutal demand for a kiss, an obvious solcism which requires all Cyrano's tact to obliterate from Roxane's memory.

His peremptory "Tais toi, Christian!" is overheard by Roxane, who inquires, "Que dites vous tout bas?" and receives the delightful explanation—

Mais d'être allé trop loin, moi-même je me gronde:
Je me disais: tais toi, Christian!

This is capped by the heralding of an intruder, according to a given code of signals, by the musicians stationed as outposts by Cyrano:

CYRANO. Air triste? Air gai? . . . Quel est donc leur dessein?
Est-ce un homme? une femme?—Ah! c'est un capucin!

In Christian we find a brave, direct soul; a man in the primary sense of the word. The scene in the camp outside Arras, in which he discovers Cyrano's passion for Roxane, and she, in turn, tells him that in the letters written by Cyrano she had found all for which her soul had thirsted, finely proves his temper.

The dramatic force and beauty of the Act (IV.) dominates and enchants. Christian tells Cyrano that Roxane is, in reality, in love with him, that he must acknowledge his authorship of the letters, and his share in the balcony scene. Cyrano is stunned, intoxicated, and protests with feeble conviction against the insistence of his friend. Paradise at last opens before him, to shut for ever in Christian's death before he can inform Roxane of the truth. He is doomed to eternal silence. This poignant human drama plays to the accompaniment of cannonading, the roll of drums, the falling of man after man under a raking and pitiless fire. At the end of the Act we see Cyrano providing for Roxane's transport to a place of safety before leading his men on a forlorn hope. The prospect of the embodiment of this fascinating Gascon ex-soldier and littérateur at the Lyceum, and his further irradiation by Sir Henry Irving, is one of mingled joy and agony. To part with Cyrano on paper is hard enough. In the flesh—!

MRS. OSCAR BERINGER.

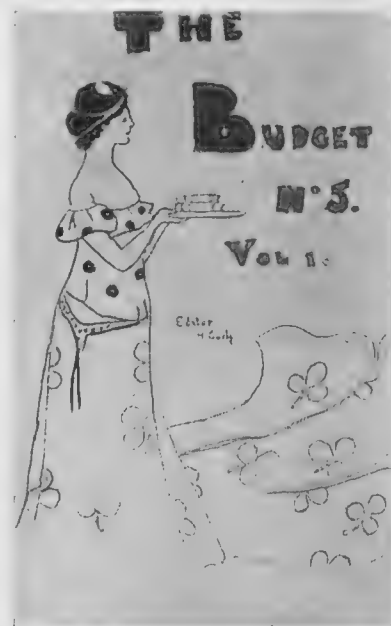
A SCHOOLBOY MAGAZINE.

Schoolboy magazines are always interesting. A specimen as quaint as you could see hails from Blackheath. It is a sixteen-page octavo called the *Budget*, "graphed" on blue paper in two colours! The editor is Master Hylton Cock, who thus instructs and amuses his fellows at Blackheath School. The number before me gives a story called "The Brotherhood of Red Hearts," conceived in the spirit of "The Prisoner of Zenda." A second story, called "Utopia," is full of adventure. Then there are humorous cartoons. This joke shows that the Blackheath schoolboys "know a bit"—

SHE (at a racecourse). What is the fastest race you have ever seen?
HE. Oh, the French, I think!

The school gossip is very personal. For instance—

The Editor is sure that, as Bayden 2 is so like his brother, he will escape having his name asked every two minutes.

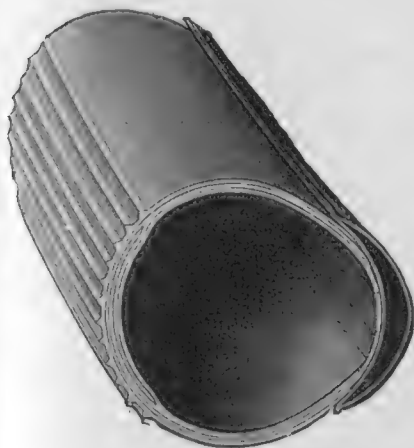


A SCHOOLBOY DESIGNED AND PAINTED THIS.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, May 18, 8.47; Thursday, 8.48; Friday, 8.50; Saturday, 8.52; Sunday, 8.53; Monday, 8.54; Tuesday, 8.55.

Of new tyres there seems to be no end; most of them, however, unfortunately, for bicycle-riders, turn out of little value, or we should have had a very material reduction in price before now. The latest recruit to the increasing number of free tyres is called after its inventor, the Bell-Hall, and it hails from Newcastle-on-Tyne, already famous in cycle history as the domicile of the Elswick Cycles Company. The tyre, which I have had an opportunity of seeing, and which is to be at once put upon the market, is of the usual double-tube kind, but the inside of the outer cover is provided with two canvas flaps which overlap and interlock on the tread, completely enclosing the inner tube and protecting it effectively from the chance of puncture. The tyre is very easily attached and detached, will fit a plain convex rim, and should prove a good and



THE BELL-HALL TYRE.

workmanlike article. By no possible construction of the main patents now in use can the Bell-Hall tyre be considered an infringement; indeed, even the suggestion of such a thing is out of the question, so that the new venture is not likely to be crabbed by litigation.

One would hardly have thought that persons mentally afflicted could derive benefit from bicycling, but I have just received from a trustworthy source an account of a marvellous cure brought about in the case of a lady who, acting upon the order of her doctor, "took to cycling purely medicinally," to quote his own words. She was suffering, so it seems, from the tiresome form of mental derangement known as "religious mania," and for many months futile attempts of all sorts were made to divert her attention from things religious into some fresh channel. At length the happy idea occurred to some of her friends, themselves cyclists, Why not make her ride a bicycle? If once she could be taught how to ride one, they knew that her attention must, *de facto*, become concentrated upon her wheel so long as she was mounted. Then and there a machine was procured, and now, within a period of three months, a complete cure has been effected. When one comes to think of it, however, cycling is perhaps the only form of locomotion which needs one's undivided attention. A man riding on horseback may let his mind wander for hours, and so may the individual driving in a carriage or walking. But let the cyclist allow his thoughts to soar only for a few minutes, and in eight cases out of ten some serious evil will befall him, especially if he be cycling in traffic.

Much as some of us may dislike the appearance of the Bloomer costume, the least we can do is to behave with ordinary civility to ladies, no matter what their attire may be. So, at least, one would have thought; but opinions upon the subject seem to differ, for, according to a daily newspaper, a certain Mrs. Arnold, described as an artist, of 14, Wellington Square, Chelsea, was lately refused admittance at the White Horse Inn, Dorking, because she happened to be wearing what is euphemistically termed a "bifurcated garment." The lady so insulted was evidently not aware that she had a perfect right to summon the hotel-keeper, for, as I stated in these columns several months ago, on the authority of no less a representative of the legal profession than John A. Williamson, Esq., who, by the way, is Chief Consul of the C.T.C. in Northumberland, "Every person who opens an inn by the wayside, and professes to exercise the business and the employment of a common innkeeper, is, by the custom of the realm, bound to afford such shelter and accommodation as he possesses to all travellers who apply for it and render, or are able to pay, the customary hire, and are not drunk and disorderly, or labouring under contagious or infectious diseases, or are persons of bad character. If the innkeeper neglects or refuses so to do, he is liable to an action for the recovery of any damages that may have been sustained by reason of such refusal, and also to be indicted at common law." The italics are mine.

Next week I hope to give an interesting description of Mr. Gamage's cycling specialties.

The incident of the foolish virgins is eclipsed by the adventure of three young ladies, who were last week pursued and arrested by a village constable because their cycle-lamps were not lighted though darkness had long since set in. In fear and trepidation the spokeswoman of the three strove to explain to the rural minion that her bicycle-lamp and her friends' lamps as well were electric lamps, and that the electric power had unexpectedly run out. With more wit than is commonly the share of the local "officer," as the provincial policeman so loves to be called, this particular constable replied that he knew nothing about running out,

but that he meant to run them in, and run them in he did—greatly to his subsequent chagrin, however, for the three comely cyclists proved to be the daughters of a magistrate of considerable influence in the adjoining county.

The current number of the *Contemporary Review* is one of considerable interest to cyclists, for it contains two articles bearing on wheeling matters. One is a paper by E. B. Turner, F.R.C.S., with the title "Health on the Bicycle," a subject which has been thrashed out again and again by medical men. Though not perhaps containing anything new, his article is a thoroughly sensible and temperate argument in favour of cycling as a healthful recreation for all who are free from any organic disease. His great point is "moderation," and he offers a well-timed word of warning to those who are inclined to over-exert themselves in distance, pace, or hill-climbing, when they are no longer in the heyday of their youth and vigour. "No old man or elderly woman," he writes, "should, under any circumstances, commence to cycle unless passed sound, and even then the greatest care should be taken never to venture beyond the bounds of extreme moderation." The meaning is clear and the advice good, though I venture to take exception to the expression "extreme moderation," for does not moderation imply the avoidance of extremes? He has also some excellent advice to give on the subject of saddles, which are the most important adjuncts of cycles, so far as health and comfort are concerned.

There is a very readable article from the pen of Mr. Joseph Pennell on cycling in Andalusia, from which I gather that Southern Spain, though a most interesting country from both the historic and picturesque point of view, is anything but a paradise for the cyclist. To push a machine along rough mule-tracks over lofty mountains, the excitement being varied now and then by fording a river with your bicycle on your back, is not my idea of a tour on wheels. To add to these hardships, Mr. Pennell's machine broke down at the very commencement of his trip. He found the greatest difficulty in getting it repaired, and it seems to have failed him in almost every subsequent ride. Still, in spite of these misadventures, he appears to have seen a great deal of the country, and has written a charming and amusing account of his travels.

To the British tourist who invades the "Continong" the simple decimal system of money, weights, and measures is more or less easily grasped; though the foreign unit of value or measurement, not corresponding with any similar unit in this country, causes some trouble to the stolid Briton. Now there appears a fresh difficulty before him. Of course, he must take his bicycle with him, and has learned how to circumvent the tiresome formalities of the Custom House. He has, moreover, been warned by all his friends to be very careful to observe the foreign "rule of the road," which, they assure him, is exactly the opposite of the English rule. But it is not universally so. A correspondent of the *C.T.C. Gazette* writes, "In Rome and its neighbourhood carriages and cycles keep to the left; this is also the rule inside the town in Turin as well as in Florence, in its public park, the Cascine, and the beautiful Viale dei Colli, which, though outside the town, are regarded as town drives. Everywhere else throughout Italy the rule is—keep to the right." What a time the police of these cities must have in keeping order in the streets! And think what an act of memory is required in order to be sure as to which side you must take in each particular street. It is enough to produce a new cycling disease among the Italian wheelers!

One of the best cycle posters I have seen has been reproduced by Messrs. Orford Smith, of St. Albans, to illustrate the Saltley cycle. This reproduction of it in mere black-and-white gives no idea of its striking appearance. The background is green, and the woman's dress is light violet. On a hoarding it always catches the eye.

The Austro-Hungarian Minister of War has issued an order forbidding soldiers, both officers and privates, to join any cycling club.



A CYCLE POSTER.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The Derby will, after all, be an interesting race, but it is a matter for regret that the old trainers M. Dawson and J. Porter have nothing in the race good enough to win it. The Kingsclere horses, seemingly, are a lot of second-raters, although I am told that Porter has one or two useful two-year-olds under his charge. From what I could gather at the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, the Blue Riband of the Turf is very likely to be won by Wildfowler. This colt was nothing like fit when he ran in the Guineas, and I hear he has improved wonderfully of late. If I am not wrongly informed, Darling's colt will turn the tables on Disraeli at Epsom, where the last-named may fight out the place battle with Dieudonne, a nice-looking colt.

I am afraid that the presence of Nun Nicer in the Oaks field will cause the opposition to be very weak. The time test in the two races for the Guineas proved the fillies to be much slower than the colts. It also proved Nun Nicer to be the best of a moderate lot of three-year-old fillies, and I can see nothing to beat her in the Oaks. I am very glad to hear that Common has been so successful at the stud, as the critics thought Sir Blundell Maple had made a bad bargain by buying this horse for £15,000; but I fancy time will prove that Sir Blundell got a bargain after all.

The Aldershot Cup, competed for by horses which had never won a steeplechase of the value of 100 sovs., the property of officers of the Aldershot District, and ridden by officers on full or half-pay in the Army or Navy, was won on Wednesday by Captain Eustace Loder's Shaker. The cup, which takes the shape of a massive sterling silver tankard, with two delicately chased goblets to match, was designed and modelled by Messrs. Mappin and Webb. It portrays a boar-hunt in alto-relief around the body of the trophy, surmounting a base boldly fluted in Grecian style; the handle and spout with mask ornamentations, and the cover surmounted by a beautifully chased figure of a huntsman.



THE ALDERSHOT CUP.

As I have before stated, Major Clements has paid special attention to the Ascot course this year, with the result that the race-track is well covered with herbage, and the going on June 14 and the following days will be found to be good on the Royal Heath. The Royal Hunt Cup will be a big betting race, as usual, and two or three horses are being specially saved for this event. I may give the names of the animals when the handicapper has done his work, but it is just on the cards that Major Egerton has kept his eyes open, and it may be that some of the horses that have not shown their true form this year will get plenty of weight to carry on the Royal Heath.

One of the big plungers who lays the favourites and tries to find winners from among the outside division has, I believe, done badly of late. On the other hand, I know of one gentleman who has been very fortunate at finding double events, and the layers of fancy prices against the winners of two races coupled have caught it warm several times of late. To show what the layers have in hand, I saw the other day a big backer who might have known better supporting a horse on his down that had been given his breakfast and had been done up for the day; and, strange to add, this same animal was favourite for his race in the Manchester Moor betting!

The Prince of Wales, who looks much better for his Continental trip, is very fond of racing, and it may not be generally known that his Royal Highness, like Prince Christian and the Duke of Cambridge, is a real good judge of horseflesh, and the only mistake I ever heard of his Royal Highness making was when he said that Persimmon could not beat Meli Melo for the Coventry Stakes at Ascot. But I was in the same boat, as I thought Persimmon looked too beefy; but it was in appearance only, for the colt gained a gallant victory.

I have had something to say before about the drinking habits of certain of our jockeys, and I am told that one or two of the knights of the pigskin are actually under the influence of liquor when they ride in races. This is too bad, as the public in such cases lose their money innocently. We have no jockeys to-day capable of emulating the feats of the late Jim Snowden, who could win races when, as he admitted, there appeared to be three winning-posts instead of one. Whatever his condition, Snowden could ride winners.

I do not hear of any new features for the Goodwood programme, and I expect things will remain as they were for the Ducal fixture this year, but, sooner or later, Lord March will have to get rid of his Biennials and Triennials and give us in their places one or two more good handicaps of the Stewards' Cup pattern. The course at Goodwood is always capital going, and large fields might each year be attracted if the programme were only moulded on more popular lines. This is bound to come in time—the sooner the better. CAPTAIN COE.

GOLFING SONG

O for the Links o' the Land o' the Leal,
When the Golfers come together,
And the charmed Club, like a wizard's reel,
Spins out a shuttled tether,
For the Ball that flies, like a wingless bird, 'mong the tufts o' turf
and heather.

Scots who love the Land o' Leal
Are leal unto the Links as weel,
And love with all a zealot's zeal
The guid auld game o' Gouf!

Club the Ball from Tee to Hole,
Let every stroke be mended,
And give the globe its golfing goal,
From Tee to Hole attended,
Nor let a Golfer miss the globe, until the game is ended.

Waggle the Driver to and fro,
And strike the Ball, and make it go,
Nor sclaiff, nor sleet, nor heel, nor toe,
But club the globe for Golf!

Follow the Ball with heart and hope,
Make every stroke a wonder,
Till the score is down, and the holes are up,
And the Ball beyond all blunder,
And the rounds shall ring, while the Caddies bring, with the small
applause of thunder.

A good grip, when the play is poor,
A long swing and a swift and sure,
On the Links is the Golfer's gilded lure,
In the guid auld game o' Gouf!

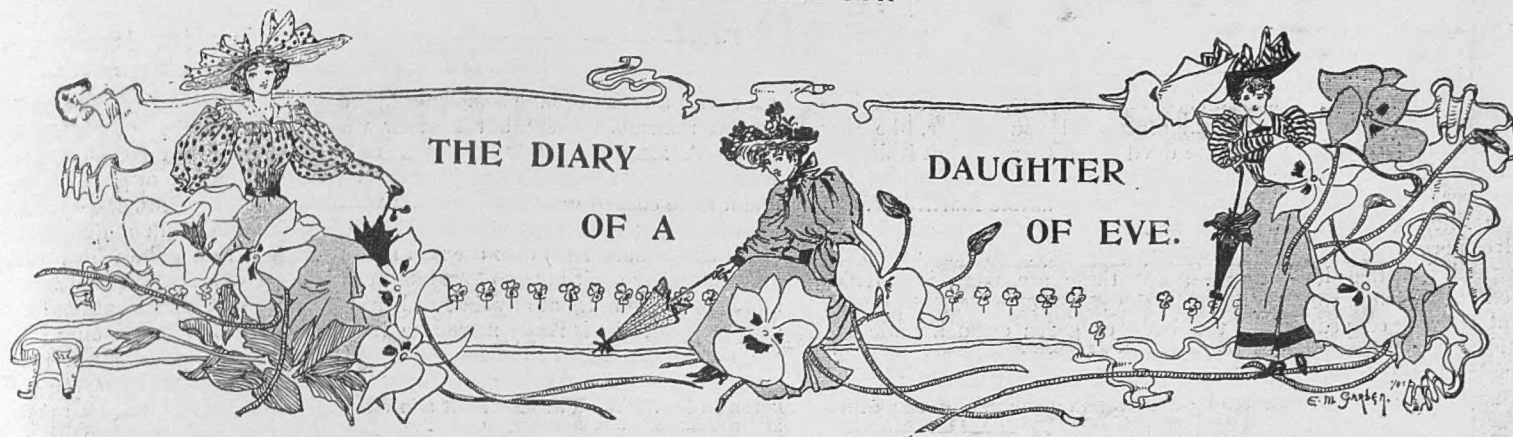
From Teeing-ground to Putting-green,
Let not a flunkey flunker,
But steady hand and watchful e'en
Be style for every younker,
And a swift full swipe that will break the ball thro' the bounds of
every Bunker.

The game is lost or won, I ween,
In the play upon the Putting-green,
When the player's skill and craft is seen
In the guid auld game o' Gouf!

WHIST

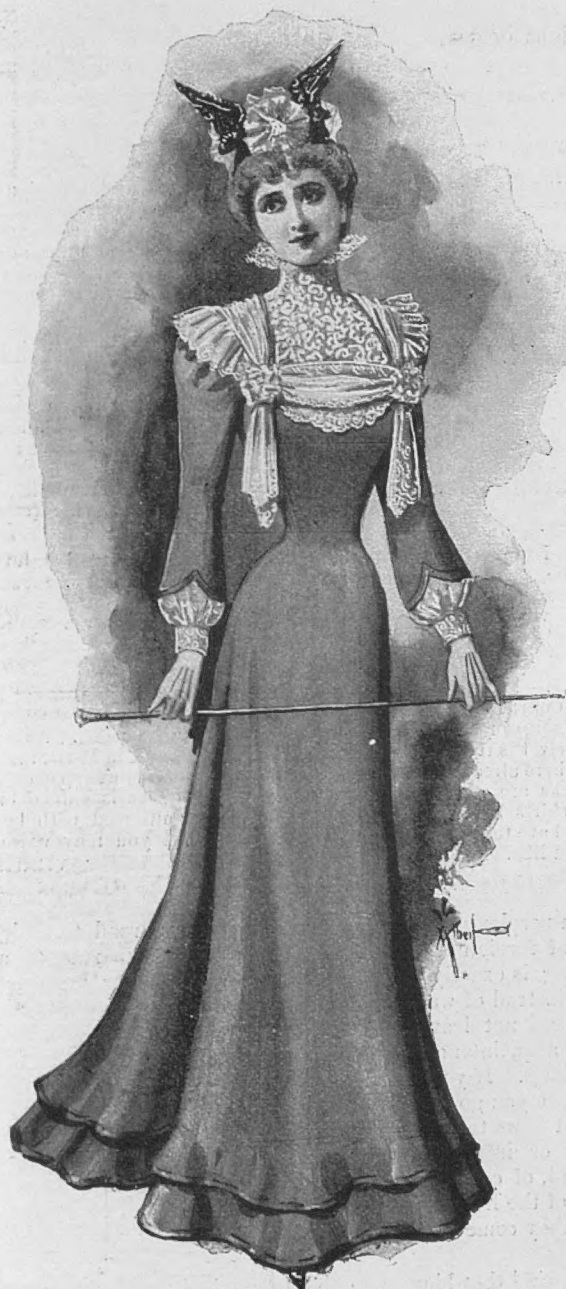
"Whist of the Future," by Lieut.-Colonel B. Lowsley, is in many ways an entertaining little work. I cannot say I approve of all his suggestions, notably of the proposed law that no player shall hesitate more than ten seconds before playing his card. Of course, it would be necessary to start counting the ten seconds immediately each card was played, in case the next player might be unprepared to play at once, and this would hardly conduce to rapidity of thought or to the quiet which one generally associates with the whist-table. A club whist-room under such conditions could give points to a good round game of "animal grab." What is to be the penalty if the player takes eleven seconds, or how it should be increased if he takes sixty seconds, we are not told. Again, he declaims against the recognised leads and signals which have for their object the giving of information to one's partner, his chief argument being that, if your opponents do not play the same kind of game, they will know all about your hands, and, by deduction, each other's hands, while you know nothing about theirs. Nevertheless, a little further on he propounds certain theories of play which are entirely founded on conveying information to one's partner (equally, of course, to one's opponents), play from a particular combination of cards, and then adds airily that your partner will, of course, understand what you mean and what you want him to do, and act accordingly, without, however, giving any reason why your partner should know—in fact, in some cases the inference drawn would probably be quite a different one.

Mr. R. W. Grant, of Perth, issues for the third year his Golfers', Tourists', Cyclists', and Anglers' Guides to Scotland and to Ireland. The volumes are full of interesting information, though I think they could be much more nicely arranged. As it is, the advertisements are rather too ubiquitous.



Monday.—I have had a charming hour. I spent it with that omniscient mystery "The Onlooker." Among the many things she knows is where to get a good luncheon. She took me to the Avondale, where the food was capital and the attendance worthy. I spent the intervals between each course in admiring her hat, which she had just brought

blue chiffon closely covered with an old lace veil, worn over a dress of white tulle spangled with gold, with a sash of blue chiffon below the waist. I also admired the Duchess of Devonshire's train of watered silver tissue lined with pale-green satin, to be worn over a dress of pale-green velvet and white satin decked with wonderful pearl embroidery. The



A SMART WALKING-DRESS.



[Copyright.]

AN ATTRACTIVE EVENING-DRESS.

from Paris, made of a pale-blue frilled straw, turned up at one side with a black-and-white spotted velvet bow and a bunch of cherries, but I could not persuade her to do the proper thing by me and take it off and hand it to me at once as a little gift. Some women have no sense of justice! Well, I forgive her. After feeding me on the tit-bits of the larder, she fed me on the tit-bits of Fashion at Mrs. Mason's, where we interviewed some wonderful Drawing-Room gowns, and I pictured how very beautiful the Duchess of Portland would look in her train of

Countess of Warwick's gown was beautiful, with its under-dress completely covered with a Josephine lace frock, and a train of white satin embroidered with medallions of diamonds and pearls. But "give me the Duchess of Portland's train," I cried, and nobody did, which was very unkind of them.

And then, as a little return for the courtesy of my friend The Onlooker, I took her to Wilson and Gill's, 134, Regent Street, to assist me in buying a new charm; they have always so many novelties of this sort

there. There latest idea is an old style revived, and very pretty it is—a crystal heart with a ladybird in the centre, till you wonder, like that oft-quoted fly in the amber, “how the devil it got there”; but it did get there, and looks well under the circumstances. Our old friend the shamrock reappears with a diamond on its indispensable fourth leaf, and there are lilies-of-the-valley, violets, mushrooms, and wasps, all offering themselves persuasively as the unnecessary necessity. Wilson and Gill’s have capital jewelled hat-pins, too, but these are mere idle trifles compared to a brooch we saw there in the shape of a dragon-fly with the head formed of pearls and the body of green enamel, while the outstretched wings were made of a network of tiny pearls set in gold. Two pendants which we interviewed pleased me very much, the one being a large cat’s-eye surrounded by a diamond design, and the other

grey with a touch of blue somewhere, either in her hat or at her neck, I cannot remember where, but I know there was an effect of blue and grey. A serious rival to her grey dress was one worn by Gertrude Kingston, with the skirt of grey voile showing an appliqué of grey glacé, and a little coat of grey glacé, with a white vest and a yellow lace yoke, a black hat with feathers on either side. She showed us in a duologue (with three characters) that the real moral of life is that “she who loves and runs away can’t hope to love another day.” It was a delightful show, and I would go miles at any time to hear Cissie Loftus; her imitations are simply a joy; she is really more like the people she imitates than they are themselves, and I chuckled inwardly and outwardly loudly at her every gesture. I went the other night to the Alhambra on purpose to listen to her. What an excellent show that is at the Alhambra, too; and Mr. Marvelle’s parrots summon a carriage at a moment’s notice with a celerity worthy of the Coupé Company; their performance would have won the heart of the manager had he witnessed it. I have not yet written a poem in praise of that institution, whose advantages I but recently tested. Coming up from Brighton one night by the latest train, which is always the very latest, we requested the hall-porter at the hotel to telephone to 14, Regent Street, to order a carriage, and found that dear little, yellow-wheeled, blue-bodied vehicle awaiting us at Victoria. On a pelting wet night it was a cheering sight. Another cheering sight is a huge basket of yellow roses and orchids which some kindly friend with more taste than economy has just sent me. It is tied at one side with a bunch of green ribbons and a huge bunch of green grass, and it is a pleasure to the eye which I yearn to enjoy rather than the sight of black letters on a white ground testifying to the frivolity of women. I want to consider the seriousness of man. Is he serious?

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

LITTLE MARCHIONESS.—I will make inquiries about your first question and let you know next week. Surely you can buy *The Sketch* in your neighbourhood, and you need not leave yourself dependent upon such very chance circumstances. You do not tell me where the races are to take place, but I must advise you generally to a biscuit-coloured soft cashmere or voile with a lot of yellow lace on the vest or berthe, or fichu on the bodice, and a hat of black with feathers turned back from the face.

PSYCHE.—You can get a black satin coat lined with white satin, with white kid buttons and many strappings and stitchings, at Lewis and Allenby’s, in Conduit Street. Black satin coats are much worn in Paris, and you really could not do better than this. You could wear it with a black skirt, or a black-and-white checked skirt, and, indeed, with a skirt of white voile with black lace patterns upon it. This would look very nice and be quite fit for festive occasions. White gloves, I think, or a light putty shade would be best. Very pretty hats are made of black tulle set into dozens of tucks, with a black ostrich feather turning back from the face, the stem being fastened with a rosette and a diamond buckle.

CLAIRISSE.—I recommend John Simmons and Sons, 35, Haymarket, for I know their work to be good and inexpensive too. Let them make you an alpaca much strapped and stitched, and also, when you are there, ask them to show you a model I like very much with a high black satin belt and a frilled fichu disappearing into the top of this. It is very quaint and pretty, and would just suit you for that other occasion. Thanks for your letter.

WILHELMINA.—That tapestry I wrote about a few weeks ago was at Maple’s in Tottenham Court Road, and it is quite lovely, and well worth a visit. Your first question amuses me, but I will tell you you are quite right. As for your last, spotted velvet is the latest trimming for the millinery in Paris, and it is to be found over here already. All the smartest of the foudards are spotted too, but still little checks are worn, and a remarkably pretty effect is gained on plain white batiste shirts by narrow hems of plaid zephyr inserted with beadings. Now I think I have told you all you want to know, but you may write to me again when you like.

VIRGINIA.

It is often perplexing for English people living abroad to understand the vagaries of foreign etiquette, but it is a fairly safe rule to assume that everything is exactly the reverse. The new-comer must call first on residents, instead of waiting for them to call on him, and, to make up for this, he need not leave “P.P.C.” cards on his departure, but must expect all his acquaintances to come and disturb him just as he is in the throes of packing. If you are asked to a ball, you must leave cards on your host before you go instead of after. A lady must not bow to a man unless he first bows to her; if she does, it is considered very forward. The younger or inferior of two persons must salute the older and superior. And, of course, when driving, you must pass carriages on the right instead of the left. No doubt, foreigners think us very topsy-turvy people when they come to England.

’Tis an ill wind that blows no good to anybody, and the poverty of Spain and Cuba will at least bring bargains to curiosity-hunters. They have had ample opportunities for many years past, and you find few travellers who have visited Spain and her colonies without bringing back articles of bijouterie and vertu that an impoverished noblesse has been compelled to sell. Some business-houses of London and Paris keep people travelling through Spain on the look-out for these bargains, and the result has been to create a big trade in bogus goods. “An undoubted Murillo” has been sold for £15, an example of Francisco Zurbarán for rather less, and works by “pupils of Velasquez” for very little. Splendid Spanish fans—specially manufactured in the French market for visitors to the Iberian peninsula who do not know as much as they think they know—find a ready sale. The Spaniards nearly always entrust their private sales to one of the old women-servants of the household, who are courteous and painstaking, and my experience leads me to believe the best that has been said of them.



[Copyright.]

MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON.

showing a large black pearl also encircled by diamonds. The Onlooker refused to leave the shop without a silver monkey studded with diamonds, so I bought it for her. Well, it was a very good lunch!

After this we went into that wonderful emporium, “4711,” 62, New Bond Street, to replenish our scent-bottles. I do not think there is any scent as good as Mühlens’ Rhine Violet you get here, though The Onlooker swears by their Maréchal Niel, and gave me further proof of her remarkable omniscience by a recommendation of Captol, one of the few hair-washes in commercial existence which does its duty. She tells me she has tried it for months, that it strengthens the skin, and makes the hair grow. It is not dear either at a price of 4s. a bottle, post free. The world of women should take advantage of its virtues, and it is a sad fact that the world of women is growing bald, just about the temples especially, so “Captol to the rescue” might be one of the many cries of the “4711” dépôt, where the Eau de Cologne is not the least of the many inducements to purchase.

Wednesday.—What I suffer from Florrie’s philanthropy nobody would ever know unless I told them; therefore do I propose to tell them every week. I have just come from Stafford House, where there was a concert given in aid of the Charing Cross Hospital Convalescent Home, where Duchesses flourished plentifully; indeed, as thick as leaves—strawberry-leaves—in Vallambrosa, the Duchess of York being the centre of attraction. The Duchess of Portland looked wonderful in pale

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on May 24.

MONEY.

From the statistical point of view, there can be no possible doubt concerning the rightness of the policy of the Bank of England directors, when they decided last week to keep the discount rate unchanged. To raise the rate would have been worse than foolish. It might very likely have given rise to a scare, the ultimate consequences of which it would be impossible to forecast. In all probability a rise in the Bank Rate would have made people think that war was anticipated—war in which Great Britain was going to take part. Nothing of the sort may be on the cards, but we cannot answer for irresponsible critics, who manage to sell “extra speshuls” by circulating such rubbish. The responsibility is theirs, and they seem to take it lightly. It is far from easy to describe what appears to be the actual position in the Money Market, but, roughly speaking, it is something like this: The Bank of England is in a very strong position. It has weathered all the recent storms without the slightest inconvenience, and it has the whip-hand of the European Money Markets all round. The increase of the official Bank Rate to 4 per cent. on April 7 was immediately effective, and it is now perfectly well understood that the Bank of England, for once in a way, has really got the grip of the market.

THE WEEK ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Many circumstances have contributed to make the week, which began very fairly, end up with a drop in prices all round, which, as we write, may be called a considerable depression. The Settlement that has just passed off was one of the smallest and most easily arranged that the markets have known for months, and, coming after the feverish excitement of the previous Account-day, when no man knew who would be hammered next, it was a welcome relief that it should be so. Despite the ease with which such bargains as required carrying over were arranged, neither the public nor the professional operator seems in a mood to launch out, for the hopes of a speedy termination to the war are gradually seen to be very flimsy, and all the talk about intervention of the Powers is beginning to be appreciated at its true worth, which is nothing; while Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain, by the tone in which they have spoken rather than by the actual words they used, have set afloat in men's minds that vague distrust as to the future which is ever more destructive to Stock Exchange business than any definite danger.

The position of this country in its relations with Foreign Powers is undoubtedly very unsatisfactory, and when those who have the handling of our affairs speak as Lord Salisbury did to the meeting of bankers the other night, prudent men may well set about putting their houses in order, taking care that they keep such a balance at their bankers' that, should a crisis come about, they may not be found, like the foolish virgins, with lamps untrimmed.

BANK SHARES.

It is expected that the dividends of the London banks to the end of June will show a distinct improvement. Discount and loan rates have been stiffer during the half-year than they have been for a long time back, and the banks cannot fail to benefit therefrom. It is early in the day to assume the rôle of prophet about a half-year of which there are still some six weeks unexpired; but, nevertheless, we share in the prevailing view that the banking half-year which is now running its course will not be a disappointing one to shareholders. The development of the practice of starting competitive branches, which has come very much into vogue of late years, may possibly affect results prejudicially to some extent, but we do not think seriously.

HOME RAILS.

It is very puzzling to assign any reasons for the movements in the prices of Home Rails just now. There is no speculative account worth speaking of, but the jobbers keep marking quotations up and down in their wonderfully irresponsible way, and without apparent regard to anything except chance purchases or sales. Where can you find any logical reason for the ups and downs of the past week or two? The advances on balance during the past Account have been very substantial, comprising such items as 1½ on Brighton “A,” 3 on Caledonian Ordinary, 2 on Great Central Preference, 4 on Metropolitan, 2½ on North British, and so on throughout the Making-up List. That the rise has not been maintained is probably due to the closing of “bull” accounts. But, allowing for these—allowing for every favourable factor in the situation—we fail to find justification in the shape of facts either for the rise or the subsequent relapse. Traffics are good, but not sensationally so; and it is now well recognised that good traffic returns must not be taken as pointing to increased dividends. On forty of our principal lines the aggregate receipts for the eighteen weeks of the current half-year amount to £28,591,088, or an increase of £557,790 over the corresponding period of last year, an increase which appears to be very fairly divided between goods and passenger traffic.

AMERICAN RAILS.

Until the end of the week, although the market was inactive, the “bulls” had the best of the deal, and, even allowing for the slump to-day, most of the active stocks show improvement since the arrival of the news of the Manila victory. A fortnight ago we ventured to call attention to several gold bonds which, in our opinion, presented good

opportunities for investment, and especially Northern Pacific Prior Liens, which were then 93, and have since been 98. The more we think over the present position of current affairs, the more we cannot help feeling that, if the warnings which our statesmen have addressed to us are to be seriously taken to heart, the investment of a certain portion of money outside the limits of the Empire and its dependencies in sound securities, which, whatever complications we get into, will intrinsically remain unaffected thereby, would be both a prudent and advisable thing.

Such securities as Louisville 6 per cent. General Mortgage, Illinois Central 4 per cent. General Mortgage, Pennsylvania Railway 4½ per cent. gold bonds, and the like would at least bring a man an income if the French fleet swept the Channel, and Consols were at—well, we would rather not try to guess.

FIRST-CLASS SECURITIES.

It may seem irksome to recur so frequently to the variations in the prices of really first-class stocks, such as Consols and Railway Debenture and Preference stocks. But there is immense significance at present in the market movements of these stocks, and that significance is not generally realised. The public turns the matter upside down. A fall in Consols is regarded as a bad sign, and so with anything else the security of which is undoubted. It is really the other way about, as matters stand at the present moment. The greater the revival of our trade, the greater the demand for our manufactures, the greater the restoration of political and financial confidence generally, *pro tanto* the prices of the best kinds of stocks will go down, not up. This is so because of the great lock-ups in such fancy things during years of almost universal distrust.

A FIVE PER CENT. HOME RAILWAY PREFERENCE STOCK.

The ways of the touting fraternity are truly marvellous, and this last example, which emanates from a concern called the “National Union Society,” hailing from that unsavoury address 31, Lombard Street, is about the most audacious we have come across for many a long day.

We earnestly warn our readers to have nothing to do with this last tout's *chef d'œuvre*. The stock offered is the Second Preference of a line called the “Lancashire, Derbyshire, and East Coast Railway,” which is not yet completed, and the interest on which even the National Union Society do not venture to say is being earned by the traffic on that portion of the line now open. The investment may or may not be a promising one, but, to circulate a statement to the inexperienced investor throughout the length and breadth of the country comparing the stock with the preferences of the Barry, the North Staffordshire, or the Taff Vale Companies, is, we venture to say, a piece of impertinence worthy of—Morrison and Co., shall we say, or the late lamented George Gregory? Our readers may be sure that, when the £10 Preference shares of an English railway are hawked about by a bucket-shop at £9 10s.—we wonder what the touts got them for!—there is a screw loose somewhere, and that it is far safer to keep their money in their own pockets than part with it in exchange for scrip, however nicely printed. Some day, perhaps, it may be made as dangerous to issue misleading circulars to induce people to *buy* shares as it is now to publish an untrue prospectus to induce them to subscribe for a new issue.

THE CYCLE MARKET.

The slump continues in the Cycle Market, despite all that the press especially connected with the industry can do to support prices. At one time, not many months ago, it was a standing dish with the cycle press to trot out last year's results and to point to the absurdly low prices that shares in all sorts and kinds of companies stood at; but, despite the amount of ink that these gentry have wasted, to say nothing of compositors' time in setting up the drivel, the public estimate of the worth of the precious shares they puffed has proved nearer the truth than the trade organs would have had us believe. In this journal we have over and over again warned our readers of the speculative nature of Cycle shares, and pointed out that to argue from the boom year was absurd; but we confess we did not fully realise how serious was the slump and what disastrous trading the year 1898 was about to disclose. We hear on reliable authority that the great Humber Company will pass the dividend on its Ordinary shares, and that even Dunlop Ordinary will get nothing. The truth is that, so far, the weather has been against the trade, that the output has exceeded the demand, and that, unless a company has some speciality to offer, there is no possibility of keeping up prices.

VI-COCOA.

Mr. Alderman Treloar had an easy task to satisfy the shareholders at the statutory meeting of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa Company, for when, as the result of a couple of months' trading, you are in a position to say that the dividend on the Preference shares (which are the only securities in the hands of the public) has been earned for a whole year, critics must be very captious to pick holes in a chairman's speech. It was extremely satisfactory to hear that the figures of the year's trading show a large increase over those of the corresponding period of 1897, and we cordially agree with the remarks that were made at the meeting about the foolishness of the advertisement attacks which certain rivals in trade have made upon the company's goods, and which have probably more than anything else contributed to the increase of business which the chairman was able to announce. If the directors will pursue a conservative policy and build up reserves instead of distributing profits up to the hilt, the Preference shares should materially increase in value, and in time prove a sound and steady investment. In a company of this sort it would be true wisdom to have in hand by way of reserve fund at

least two years' preference dividend, for by such a course the shares are not only greatly increased in market price, but a good class of investor is attracted to the company, and a class, too, that would prove its best and steadiest customers.

THE MISCELLANEOUS MARKET.

There has been considerable activity in many of the shares covered by the term Miscellaneous. Anglo-American Telegraph shares have been largely bought, especially the Deferred, which it is expected will prosper over the gigantic press traffic that the Spanish-American War is bringing to all the Atlantic Cable Companies; some people even go so far as to say that the dividend will be at least 20s. if the present high pressure is maintained. Tea shares have been out of favour, for however much a high Indian exchange may profit the Government, which has to remit for Army and other expenses, and the official who has to send money to this country for his wife and family, it has a disastrous effect on the working expenses of tea-estates. The issue of the Millar Jarrah Forest Company's report was well received, and there is no doubt that this company is the pick of the basket among the Australian Hard-wood concerns. Curious as it may seem under existing circumstances, there have been numerous inquiries for Clay, Bock, and Co.'s shares. In our opinion, however much damage the Cuban war may do to the company's production this year, in the end the destruction of Spanish rule in the island, and, let us hope, the return of peace and quiet, should be, in the long run, of benefit to not only this concern, but all others whose business is carried on in Cuba. The £10 Ordinary shares are quoted at about 5½, so that there is room for a rise when things settle down after the close of hostilities.

We hear there is at last a chance of the poor old Transvaal Mortgage, Loan, and Finance Company being reconstructed on reasonable lines, and that Mr. Nathaniel Spens (than whom there is no sounder financier in the City) has been induced to join the Board and practically undertake the job. If this information is correct (and it comes from a man who ought to know), we congratulate the shareholders on the prospect of at last having a man of brains at the head of its affairs. It is said that Fine Cotton Ordinaries were largely oversubscribed; but the prompt way in which the allotment of the Debentures and Preference shares was got through makes us pretty sure that, at least so far as those two classes of securities are concerned, the public response was not overwhelming.

MINES.

Even the optimism of the Kaffir Circus was not proof against all the disquieting factors which brought about the end-of-the-week slump. Paris has, to some extent, supported prices, and the Rand output is again a record one. Most of the speculative favourites finish up slightly lower than the closing price on the previous Saturday, but the intermediate rise prevented to-day's weakness from proving disastrous. So far as the Account is concerned, the market is ripe for a rise, but, in the present state of our relations with France, Russia, and other Continental Powers, and the temper of our statesmen, it seems very unlikely that any considerable boom will be seen in the near future. Charm Rhodes ever so sweetly, the public, having burnt its fingers over Rhodesian things a short time ago, is content to cheer the Empire-builder and to refrain from buying the shares of all the mining and exploration companies which are to prove—some day—the magnificent resources of the great Rhodesian desert.

We fain would write of Western Australia without the name of Bottomley creeping in, but it cannot be done. Rumour says that the committee which the shareholders of the Market Trust fondly imagined they (and they only) appointed, will unanimously report in favour of reconstruction, and there is little doubt that the necessary resolutions for carrying a scheme with an assessment of 4s. per share will go through. Meanwhile, a petition is before the Court for the winding-up of another of the group. The genuine mines, such as Horseshoes, Lake Views, Ivanhoe, Brownhills, and one or two more, have all risen. It is said that the British America Corporation has bought the famous Le Roi Mine for £600,000, and the shares have strengthened on the report. The anticipated Klondyke boom still hangs fire, and many people who subscribed for shares in the various concerns which have been offered for subscription find that there is next to no market for their stuff. What the late summer may bring forth no man can say, but it is clear that the public "is not taking any," so far as Klondyke mining "booms" are concerned, at present, nor do the signs appear favourable for any great change in the near future.

COMPANY PROMOTERS AND THE CRIMINAL LAW.

Thanks to an Old Bailey jury, the Harrison-Ainsworth gang will for the next few years cease from troubling the honest investor, and its principal members will exchange Moet's Imperial Brut for a plank-bed and skilly; the Lupton lot are going to stand their trial, and things are getting sultry for one or two other groups not unknown to fame. Company Acts may be passed and promotion hedged about with all sorts and conditions of safeguards, but nothing except the strong arm of the criminal law will put down the barefaced swindles on which the dishonest promoter lives and has lived for many a long year. The profits of the business are very large, and the only way of protecting foolish people is to make the risk correspondingly great. The pickpocket makes, perhaps, a couple of pounds out of a successful railway trip, but the fraudulent company-promoter clears enough to live on the fat of the land for years out of one successful coup, such as T. E. Brinsmead and Sons, Limited, or the London and Westminster Contract Corporation of Brotherton and Van Ee, or the

Kruger Syndicate of W. E. Gray, or a dozen others. The pickpocket dislikes, but expects, the punishment which he is sure, in the end, to get; but the fraudulent company-promoter is a thin-skinned sort of person who would not risk his comfort, if he was once made to understand that by earning his living in the way he has been in the habit of doing, he was sure to end in penal servitude. Let the Public Prosecutor take heart over his first taste of blood, and devote his energies to clearing the City of a dozen or so of promoters many of whom are well known by name to every member of the Chancery Bar with a large practice. Mr. Hess, of the *Critic*, in this week's issue gives the names of half-a-dozen, and we undertake to furnish the authorities with at least a couple more, and the evidence on which to convict them if the Treasury cares to undertake the job.

JOHN SHAW'S BUCKET-SHOP.

Another prominent bucket-shop has gone under; indeed, it is very evident that times are bad for the advertising stockbroker. George Gregory's death and the insolvency in which he left his business caused considerable loss to a number of foolish people who insisted in dealing with him, while now A. L. Gieve, alias John Shaw, has landed in the Bankruptcy Court, leaving, of course, a lot more silly people in the lurch, for not only will they fail to get their profits, but their cover will certainly have also taken wings and flown away. To deal with an advertising outside broker is not only to play against loaded dice, but not to get paid when you win.

Saturday, May 14, 1898.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

J. C.—Our answer did not refer to the mine you mention, which is, according to all the information at our disposal, a fair venture.

Hovire.—The cause of the fall has been principally the depreciation in silver, coupled with dear money and war scares. If the bonds were our own, we should hold.

A. Z. B.—Substantially, "Yes" answers all your questions. As to the Main Reef, there is a doubt as to how much oxidised ore they have left, and whether the sulphides can be treated at a profit. If you can sell Nos. 2 and 3 at anything like the price you gave, we should not be inclined to hold. With mines you should never miss a good profit, and we think they have had the best of both of them.

G. W.—We answered your letter on the 10th inst. When you send the documents we will advise you and return the same.

G. S.—We have advised you on the papers and returned the same.

W. E. S.—The concern you name may be all right, but we should not advise purchase of its shares.

MONA.—As to the first, see this week's Notes, and, as to the second company, the shares appear to be a good Industrial speculative purchase.

E. H.—Your letter was fully answered on the 10th inst.

S. M.—Your questions are very difficult to answer in the present state of the West Australian Market. (1) We rather think that these shares are worth holding, and, if you can afford a gamble, you might buy a few more; but so many people are hard hit over the Bottomley smash that the public is very disinclined to touch anything. (2) If there is any boom in British Columbian mines, these shares would recover, but see this week's Notes. (3) At present price, if the group are strong enough to float the new company, which is doubtful, a purchase such as you suggest is not unlikely to turn out well, but it is a gamble on the chance of a revival in things Westralian. (4) The balance-sheet should be issued now, but, in the present state of the market, we do not expect it, as the company can delay issue until the end of this year. On the whole, you will be well-advised to avoid the whole lot, unless things change for the better very rapidly.

W. M. A.—We wrote you fully on the 12th inst.

KING.—(1) See last week's Notes. (2) All depends on the course of the war. (3) Keep your money in hand, for it looks as if you might want it if there is any meaning in what Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain have been saying.

HOPEFUL.—Don't buy Chartered shares at this moment. Unless your money is burning a hole in your pocket, keep it in the bank and see which way the cat jumps, for, if all we hear is true, we are by no means at the end of our war scares.

The directors of the Pavilion Theatre, Limited, have declared for the half-year ended April 30, 1898, an interim dividend on the Ordinary shares at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum.

The Stock Exchange Committee has fixed Thursday, June 2, for the special settlement in Lipton and English Sewing Cotton shares and debentures.

The directors of Liebig's Extract of Meat Company, Limited, have resolved to recommend, at the general meeting to be held on June 7 next, the payment of a final dividend of 15 per cent., making, with the interim dividend paid in February last, 20 per cent. per annum. This is at the same rate as last year.

For Epsom Races, the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway run special trains to their station, which is within a few minutes' walk of the Grand Stand, and additional first-class ladies' waiting-rooms will be provided. Frequent direct special express and cheap trains between the above stations on all four days of the races, also extra first-class special express trains on the Derby and Oaks days. Arrangements have been made with the London and North-Western, Great Western, Great Northern, and Midland Railways, to issue through tickets from all their principal stations to the Epsom Downs Station on the racecourse. The London and South-Western Railway Company are to run the usual express trains from London direct to their station at Epsom. For the convenience of passengers from the Northern and Midland Counties, arrangements have been made with the various railway companies to issue through tickets to Epsom, which will be available from Waterloo, Kensington, Ludgate Hill, Vauxhall, and Clapham Junction.